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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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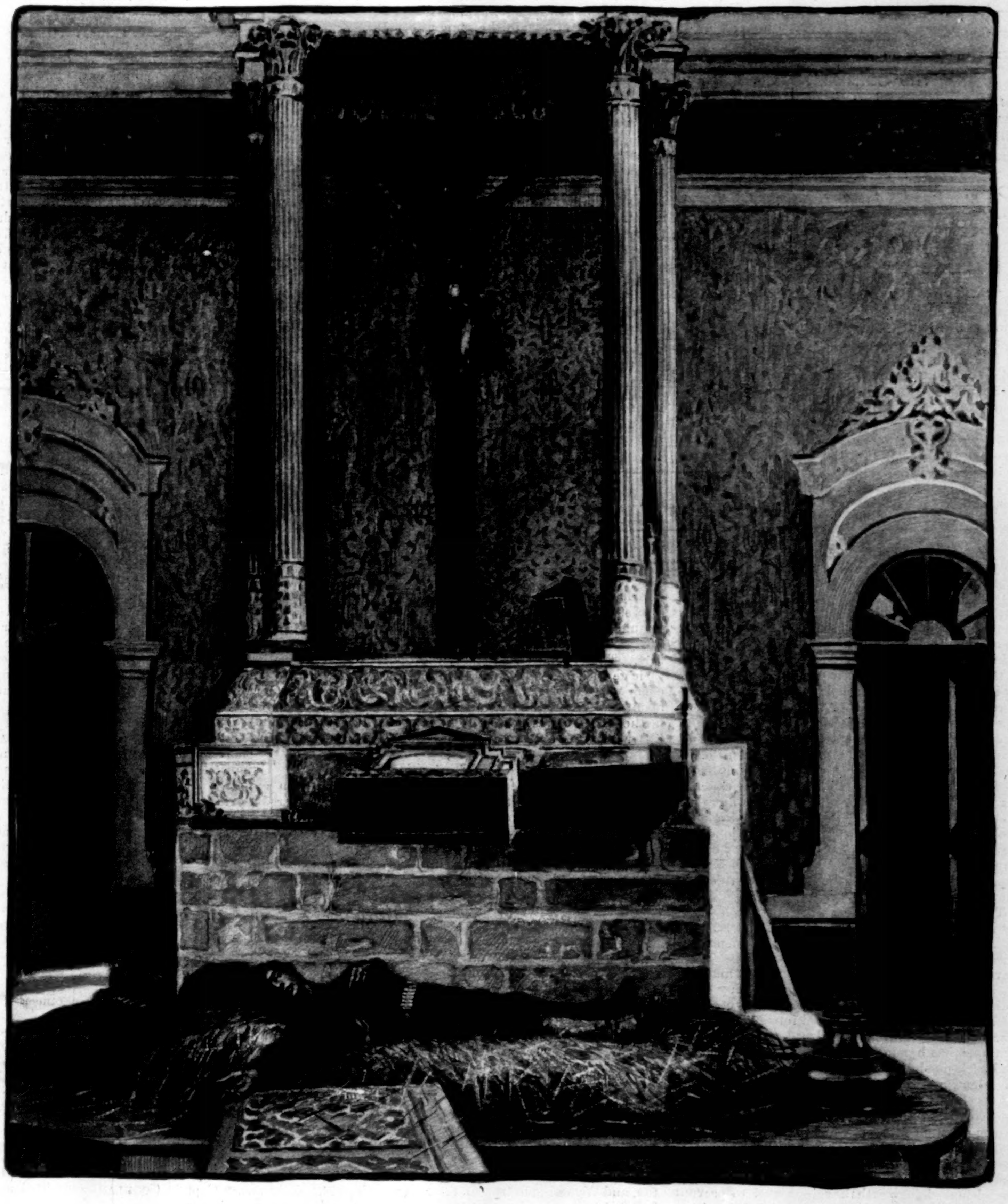

MANILA—A RESPITE FROM WAR IN THE SANCTUARY OF PEACE—AMERICAN SOLDIERS ASLEEP IN BINONDO CHURCH AFTER THE FIGHTING.

Drawn by F. Luis Mora from a Photograph by Lieutenant C. F. O'Keefe, Photograph Department, Bureau of Military Information, Eighth Army Corps.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(*TWENTY-FOUR PAGES*)

NEW YORK CITY, MAY 6, 1899

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"THE CONSPIRATORS"

A new Serial Story, by Robert W. Chambers, *illustrated by* T. de Thulstrup, *will begin in the next number of* Harper's Weekly

Public Life

THE retirement of Mr. Reed from Congress, despite the assurance that he would be re-elected to the Speakership for another term if he should remain in the House, is the most conspicuous renunciation of a career in public life which we have seen in this country in recent times. It is true that Mr. Edmunds resigned a Senatorship, a few years ago, when he knew that he had virtually a life lease of the office, but the Vermont statesman left Congress without Mr. Reed's intention of entering upon a sphere of equal activity in private affairs. We do not recall any other case among their contemporaries where a man in the prime of his powers has abandoned a high public position to devote himself to his own interests.

The incident illustrates a change which has undoubtedly come over the relations of men of ability in this country toward public life—a change which has been operating with growing force during the last quarter of a century. When the Federal government was established, the holding of high office seemed the most attractive prospect before a young man of ability and ambition. There were great questions to be settled, and they were to be settled by the great minds of the generation. There were no artificial barriers, in the shape of partisan machinery, to bar the entrance upon a public career of the man of force, and the display of signal ability in the service of the people was reasonably sure of reward at their hands. At the same time there were no great opportunities for fame and fortune in other directions to tempt the ambitious young man away from public life. The law furnished a chance for one to become prominent, but even down to the day when Rufus Choate was earning his largest fees, fifty years ago, nobody dreamed that the legal profession would ever yield a man such an income as a later Choate has enjoyed in New York city. As for the vast business operations of our time, there was nothing even faintly approaching them during the first half of this century.

Two tendencies have worked together with steadily increasing power since the close of the civil war to keep out of public life the class of men who once drifted into it easily and naturally. There have been an enormous development of the material resources of the nation, and a corresponding temptation for men of ability and force to devote their energies to a field which offered immense rewards. The presidency of a great railroad corporation, for example, has become a place of such consequence and such possibilities as to demand the first order of talent, and, to reimburse it, a salary equalled by no official below the President of the republic. A "corporation lawyer" has now the chance to become himself what would have been considered a rich man by the counsel of any company which existed in the United States fifty years ago.

While the temptations due to the country's wonderful material growth have operated to prevent many men who would adorn public life from either seeking or accepting public office, conditions have grown up in many States which render it difficult, if not impossible, for a man of ability and independence to reach high position, or, if he does reach it, long to retain such a position. Election comes only through nomination by a convention, and in many commonwealths, including some of the largest, conventions are controlled by a machine which is dominated by a boss. What chance has there been for an ambitious young Republican of Pennsylvania with a mind of his own, these many years, in a State where his party has been ruled by Quay? Of what avail was it for a younger Democrat of the type that Allen G. Thurman represented to aspire to the Senatorship of Ohio, when that statesman was "turned down" by the Democratic machine for his lack of subserviency?

The men who have long held a high place in public life in recent times have almost invariably lived in States which were not ruled by a boss. Mr. Reed is only one of several men from Maine, of whom the late Mr. Dingley was another, who were sure of being returned to Congress by their party without opposition every time that a term expired. Vermont kept Mr. Morrill in either the House or the Senate without a break from 1855 until his death a few months ago, and would gladly have treated Mr. Edmunds in the same way. Iowa has been doing the same thing by Mr. Allison, who served several terms in the House, and will have sat thirty years in the Senate when his present term expires. More than one State in the South have been equally free from the domination of a machine, and have kept those whom the people considered their best representatives continuously in office for long periods. The South also has profited by the fact that the temptations of commercialism have been far weaker there than in the North, so that men of ability in that part of the country have felt much as their fathers felt about the superior attractiveness of public life.

What of the future? Are the present unfavorable conditions likely to last, or may we reasonably hope that there will be a change for the better? As for the temptations in more material lines of activity one does not feel like prophesying, though a good argument might be made that there have been greater opportunities in these directions during this century than are likely to offer in the next. But this is not the vital question. There has never been in New York or Pennsylvania any lack of men who would enjoy and adorn public life if they could honorably enter it. They have gone elsewhere, not only because there were great rewards elsewhere, but far more because the conditions under which alone they could hold office were intolerable. Render entrance into the public service and continuance in it more inviting, and there will be no lack of the right sort of applicants. In short, the first essential to getting better public men is to break down the power of bosses and machines. Happily there never was a time when the evils of the existing system were so clearly recognized, or when the purpose to end it was so strong. Particularly is this true of the young men whom our colleges and universities every year send forth in steadily increasing numbers. These young men should be the leaders of their generation, and it is an encouraging sign that everywhere they are showing a growing concern about the discreditable features of our present methods, and a resolution to keep at work until better conditions shall have been brought about.

THE framers of the Constitution restricted the size of the United States Senate rigorously, but made what they considered ample provision that the membership of the body should always be full. The Legislatures of the various States were given the election of Senators. But it was recognized that a vacancy in a State's representation might occur when its Legislature was not in session, and it was therefore ordained that in such a case the Governor might make a temporary appointment, to hold until the next meeting of the Legislature. Doubtless every member of the convention which established this system supposed that it covered every possible contingency. When a vacancy was to occur at a certain time in the regular course of things, the Legislature last meeting before that time would elect a man to fill the seat for six years; when a vacancy should happen by death or resignation, when the Legislature was not in session, the Governor would fill it temporarily. Yet during the past six years five States in the Union have each had one of their two Senatorial seats unoccupied for nearly one-third of the six years' term. The reason in every instance was that the Legislature which should have elected a Senator failed to discharge its duty. The bodies chosen in Montana, Washington, and Wyoming in 1892, and in Delaware in 1894, balloted day after day and week after week without an agreement upon a candidate by the members of the dominant party, and finally adjourned without reaching a choice. The Legislature chosen in Oregon in 1896 did not even get so far as a ballot for Senator, because the lower branch did not organize at all, owing to the bitterness of the struggle over the office between two factions in the party which had a large majority among the lawmakers. The terms of a third of the ninety Senators expired March 4, 1899, and four of the Legislatures which should have filled seats then falling vacant have adjourned without discharging that duty—in Delaware and Pennsylvania at the East, and in Utah and California on the other side of the continent. In several other bodies there were deadlocks which lasted for weeks, and which were long thought to be hopeless. A new condition has arisen, which the founders of the government never contemplated as within the range of possibility—a condition which their careful provisions for preventing any break in the representation of a State do not meet. When they said that Legislatures should elect Senators, they took it for granted that Legislatures would do what they should. But we now have Legislatures which will not—no fewer than nine such bodies during the short period between January, 1893, and May, 1899.

Attempts have been made to insure a State full representation when the Legislature has failed to discharge its duty of election by recourse to the Governor's power of appointment. "If vacancies *happen*, by resignation or otherwise, during the recess of the Legislature of any State," is the language of the Constitution where it confers upon the Executive the right to name a Senator who shall serve until the next meeting of the Legislature. Nobody has ever questioned the power of a Governor to make such a temporary appointment when the vacancy has occurred, by the death or resignation of an incumbent, while the Legislature was not in session. But this is a very different thing from the existence of a vacancy, through the expiration of a term, upon the adjournment of a Legislature which should have filled the vacancy before its adjournment. Can it properly be said that a vacancy has "happened" in such a case? This question is freshly raised by the action of Governor Stone in making a temporary appointment of Matthew S. Quay to his old place in the Senate, shortly after the Legislature had ended its session without reaching an election. It is an old controversy, and the Senate has decided it in opposite ways at different periods. During the first third of a century after the Constitution went into operation several claimants to seats were admitted upon such certificates as Mr. Quay will present. Of late, however, the sentiment of the Senate has been tending the other way, and it had become so pronounced on that side a year ago that only 19 out of the 69 recorded favored the admission of a man whom the Governor of Oregon had assumed the right to appoint. Mr. Quay and his friends, however, are not at all dismayed by the overwhelming majority so recently given against the claim which he now advances. They point out that there will be a large number of new Senators next winter who are not committed either way, and whom they hope largely to array on their side. They expect also that not a few Senators who voted against the Governor's right to appointment last year will change their ground.

WHAT will be known as "the Coghlan incident" has served to show how modern journalism can make a temporary mountain out of a mole-hill, and get two continents stirred up for a few days over what is essentially a trifle. The gallant commander of the vessel which opened fire upon the Spanish fleet at Manila a year ago visited New York, and received the attentions which he richly deserved. During his stay in the metropolis Captain Coghlan dined with a few friends at a club. The occasion was really as private as though the gathering had occurred at the residence of a member. No reporters were invited, and nobody was supposed to be present who would report. Conversation was as free and unrestrained as should be expected under such circumstances. Captain Coghlan gave expression to the annoyance which all the officers of the American fleet at Manila felt last year because of the attitude of the Germans while vessels of the two nations lay side by side. That Admiral Dewey and the rest of our officers were irritated is a matter of notoriety. That there was justification for such feelings is confessed by some of the German newspapers, the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, for example, having admitted that "the German ships were very officious at the beginning of hostilities." All the same, no American officer would be justified in publicly condemning the attitude of the Germans. Captain Coghlan committed no such offence against propriety and discipline. He has explained what really occurred, the Navy Department has reprimanded him for whatever impropriety there was in not keeping a padlock upon his lips in a company of friends, the German government has expressed its satisfaction with this action by our authorities, and the incident is thus happily closed.

THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

IN view of Captain Coghlan's experience, and of the fact that there are several more of Dewey's ships to come home from Manila, it might be well for some judicious writer to prepare a small volume of after-dinner addresses suitable for use on festal occasions by heroes newly returned from scenes of glory. Of course the heroes will have plenty to say for themselves, and will find plenty of entertainers who will want real stories from them. But it has been amply demonstrated that real stories should be saved for fit ears, and as it is easy for heroes who have long been absent from home to misjudge their auditors' discretion, and mistake quasi-public dinners for private ones, ordinary prudence seems to warrant them in sticking pretty close to a conservative form of address. No doubt Captain Coghlan's remarks at the Union League Club interested his hearers very much, but only see how much trouble they have made him! It is obvious that before leaving the *Raleigh* he should have been provided with a set of addresses guaranteed to be safe to use ashore. What was expected of him at the Union League dinner was evidently a response something like this:

> I thank you, gentlemen, for the evidence of regard and appreciation which this gathering betokens. It was oppressively warm in Manila, and we are all glad to get home. The food there is not what it might be, either, and we would sooner dine with you than with Aguinaldo. I left Admiral Dewey in fair health, and can assure you that he is much gratified by the esteem in which he is held in this country. We who have served under him have the highest opinions of his abilities as a commander, and of his efficiency as an American patriot and statesman. I need not dwell upon the details of the naval battle of May 1, as you seem to be fully informed of most of them, and what remains to be told, if anything, the Admiral will tell you when he has leisure to come home. The situation at Manila seems not to be fortunate in all particulars at the present moment, but we are confident that everything will turn out to the satisfaction of the administration and the admiration of the world.

Of course this is a much less interesting speech than either of those that Captain Coghlan made, but it has the advantage of being perfectly suited for publication, so that the user of it has nothing to fear if the privacy of a private gathering turns out to have been impaired.

COMMENTING on a recent paragraph in the WEEKLY about the army canteen question, an army officer says, in a letter written from St. Louis:

> To the ordinary mind it seems to be a self-evident truth that the officers of the army, on whom falls all the work of making soldiers out of raw recruits, and of their discipline and management afterwards, must be more deeply interested in the sobriety and good behavior of the enlisted men than any other class can be. The officers of the army approve the Post Exchange system almost unanimously. It is well known in the service that every military post has near it, just off the reservation, and beyond military control, a lot of low saloons, where poisonous liquors are sold, where men are drugged and robbed, and to which has been due most of the disorder, absences without leave, and desertions in every post.
>
> In the Post Exchange the men have a place of resort where they can get away from the barracks, enjoy a game of billiards or pool, etc., and buy light wines or beer. Sales of spirits have never been allowed. Only a few men, bent on getting drunk anyhow, would go to the dives outside the post, and the result was a great benefit to order and discipline.
>
> For business reasons, the rumseller joyfully backs up the agitation of the W. C. T. U. to abolish the Exchange. Without the knowledge of the ladies of that association, the whiskey-dealers are their chief allies, and their influence, in devious ways, on the passage of anti-canteen legislation is well known in the army.
>
> As a matter of fact, the Post Exchange, or canteen, is a *promoter of temperance*, and the chief enemy of the rum-holes that "debauch our brave soldier boys."
>
> L. D. G.

The *New Voice*, the Prohibition paper which represents the movement against the canteen, asserts that canteens at the great volunteer camps last summer and at the Soldiers' Homes have not promoted temperance. But canteens in Soldiers' Homes and in camps full of green soldiers are one thing, and canteens as part of the Post Exchanges in posts where soldiers of the regular army are stationed are another. It is doubtless true of all soldiers that the more alcohol you can keep out of them the better, but there is a great difference between seasoned regulars under good discipline, with trained officers to look after them, and green volunteers under lax discipline and less efficient supervision. The usefulness of a canteen depends doubtless upon how it is run and who its patrons are, so that canteens may possibly be a nuisance in volunteer camps and in Soldiers' Homes, and yet as a feature of the Post Exchanges of regular army posts be distinctly valuable as promoters of temperance, and work well.

PROFESSOR CHARLES ZEUBLIN, of the University of Chicago, is quoted as saying that Chicago's drainage canal will be a failure as a sewer, and that, so far as that use of it goes, $35,000,000 has gone for nothing. This opinion ought to be a source of comfort and reassurance to St. Louis, which professes extreme uneasiness for fear that the canal will succeed so well that the Father of Waters will pass St. Louis holding his nose. The drainage trustees don't agree with Professor Zeublin, and insist that the canal will do the work it was designed to do.

IT is a pretty deliberate spring, but the things that ought to come out are gradually coming. For example, there recently appeared in drab covers a handsome pamphlet, conspicuously entitled, in very clear print, "An American Response to Expressions of English Sympathy." Within is a little reading-matter and many names. The explanation of it is that last summer, while we were in the throes of our conflict with Spain and wondering whether we would get into trouble with any one else, there was formed the Anglo-American Committee in London. Mr. James Bryce, M. P., was its chairman; the Duke of Sutherland its honorary secretary, and T. Lee Robert, R. C. Maxwell, and Sir Frederick Pollock other honorary secretaries. It met on July 13 at Stafford House, and passed, unanimously, on motion of Lord Brassey, supported by Earl Grey and others, a resolution to the effect that, considering that the peoples of the British Empire and the United States were closely allied by blood and principles and drawn together by many common interests, "every effort should be made in the interests of civilization and peace to secure the most cordial and constant co-operation on the part of the two nations."

When the news of this friendly demonstration had crossed the sea an Anglo-American Committee of twenty-eight members was organized in New York. Mr. Whitelaw Reid was its chairman, and the lists of its members included representatives of the cabinets of every President since Grant. In other ways it was representative, since it included Archbishop Corrigan, Bishop Potter, Mr. Schurz, and Mr. Frederick Coudert, Mr. E. C. Stedman and Mr. Gilder, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt and Mr. Gerry. It prepared an address expressing appreciation of British sympathy and fellowship shown for this country, and recognizing that the same language and principles of ordered liberty should form the basis of enduring friendship between these kindred peoples. About 1500 copies of this address were sent out to representative men in all the States and Territories of the Union for their signatures. Scarcely any objection to the address was made in any quarter, and practically no one to whom the address was sent refused to sign it. About 1200 names of signers, from Alabama to Wisconsin, are printed in this pamphlet. The geographical distribution of these names and their representative character are notable. Their number might, of course, have been indefinitely increased.

THERE have been a surplus of news and a deficiency of information as to the amount of money left to charity by the late Baroness Hirsch. One account is that she left one hundred and twenty-four million dollars, whereof her relatives got twenty millions, the state five millions in taxes, and the rest was left to charitable uses, mainly in Europe. Later stories, however, show a tendency to substitute francs for dollars in these estimates, and the authorities conflict so much that it is still uncertain what the Hirsch estate does amount to. It seems reasonably sure, however, that about four-fifths of it was left to charities, and chiefly to Jewish charities, in New York, London, Montreal, Vienna, Buda-Pesth, Bremen, Brussels, and other cities.

If a hundred million dollars is turned over to public uses by the will of the baroness, it is the greatest sum so disposed of by any one estate in modern times. When George Peabody died, thirty years ago, he held the world's record for philanthropic disbursements. He gave away to public uses during his lifetime eight or nine million dollars, and left five millions to his relatives. He died in London; his funeral was in Westminster Abbey; a British war-ship brought his body home. He was peerless among philanthropists, and, for that matter, still is. But money grows in vastly bigger clusters now. Mr. Rockefeller must already have given away more dollars than George Peabody did; Mr. Carnegie's funds are constantly dropping out of his pockets in hundred-thousand-dollar driblets, and every little while a million or two escapes him all at once. Last week he offered $1,750,000 to extend the libraries, art-galleries, and other institutions with which he has endowed the city of Pittsburg. The sum of his gifts, too, doubtless exceeds in amount those of Mr. Peabody. The gift of a million dollars by Mr. Pierpont Morgan to build a hospital in New York was recorded last week. Such gifts make no great stir. They are, happily, too common to cause excitement. The ability to part with money seems fairly to have kept pace with the huge increase in wealth.

About the Hirsch benefactions, however, there is an unusual quality, which recalls George Peabody. Baron Hirsch and his wife learned to find their chief interest in life in vast schemes for the improvement of the conditions of existence among great armies of distressed people. They seem to have backed a spirit and an intelligence as rare as George Peabody's with a fortune which bears a relation to modern fortunes comparable with what Peabody's fortune bore to those of his time.

MRS. FRYE of Maine, the wife of the Senator whose services to the port of New York are so much appreciated, has had a sad experience of the uncertainties of things mundane. The Senator, as will be remembered, was one of the peace commissioners, and Mrs. Frye went with him to Paris. The other day there came to her from California a letter enclosing a newspaper clipping which purported to give a report of an address made by President David Starr Jordan, of Leland Stanford, Jr., University, wherein he attacked the administration, and accused the peace commissioners of chewing tobacco at a banquet in Paris and spitting on the floor. As Mrs. Frye knew all the commissioners, and was confident that none of them chewed tobacco at dinner, or, indeed, elsewhere, and knew that they had been to no banquets in Paris, she was incensed at President Jordan, and published an open letter to him, in which she gave him some information about the commissioners and a good deal of personal advice. Two days later she felt constrained to publish a telegram from him, to the effect that he had said nothing about the Peace Commission, but had been misreported, and credited with statements of which he was absolutely innocent.

One of the saddest things in life is to expend indignation and time in commenting on a newspaper report of a speech, only to find in the end that the speaker never said so. It is a very common experience. The strength of the disposition to believe what you read in a newspaper is almost incredible. After repeated disasters it still survives. The trouble is that so much that one reads in any newspaper is true, that one's reasonable distrust is being constantly undermined.

ADMIRAL BEARDSLEE'S account, in the April number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, of the trial of the *Oregon*, has caused more or less disturbance of its author's peace, because it stated that the vessel's horse-power was "over 1100." The Admiral says he has since had many letters pointing out, sometimes with the aid of diagrams and algebraic formulæ, that 1100 horse-power is not enough for so big a vessel. His answer to his correspondents is, "Add a cipher, and go in peace." That is all there is of it. A cipher was mislaid somewhere, and "1100" should have been "11,000."

ACKNOWLEDGMENT should be made, in behalf of parents, of the great usefulness of contemporary periodical literature in the bringing up of families. Intelligent children in their earliest years find great satisfaction in the American magazines. The reading matter they are not apt to bother with. The war articles, the poetry, the serials, even the short stories, they are prone to pass over with rapid and cursory attention to the illustrations. Their field is among the advertisements in the back. It used to be told of Mr. Gladstone that he liked to get the American editions of the American magazines so as to have the advertisements. The American child shares this feeling with him. A fresh magazine with a thick sheaf of advertisements, and a pair of scissors, are one of the standard delights of contemporary childhood. By the time the addenda begin to lose their interest as a field for scissoring, the attractions of literature and art in the body of the magazine are likely to have asserted themselves. So all the way along the magazine helps.

MR. T. G. DABNEY, chief engineer of the Yazoo-Mississippi Delta Levee District, writes from Clarksdale, Mississippi, to the WEEKLY, to express a lack of confidence in certain information which the WEEKLY lately borrowed, with due credit, from the New York *Sun*. It concerned the existence of an ancient stone wall in Copiah County, Mississippi, which, as was stated, runs 40 miles, or thereabouts, across country, and connects the bank of the Mississippi River with a hill 400 feet high. Mr. Dabney says that though he lives within 40 or 50 miles of where the wall is described to be, he has never heard of it before. He says there is no building-stone in that part of the State, and only an inferior quality of sandstone in any other part; that there is no eminence in the State of Mississippi that rises nearly 400 feet above the surrounding country; and that from the part of Copiah County where the stone is reported to have been found to the Mississippi River "is about 30 miles, across an upland region, the river here running near the foot of a bluff on the Mississippi side, with only a mile or two at most of bottom-land on this side." He doesn't think the theory of a causeway by means of which the prehistoric Mississippians escaped from floods will wash, and doubts the story altogether, though he says, "There may possibly be some old 'find' in that locality to serve as some sort of basis to it."

THE New York State Legislature has been invited to pass "an act to provide for the construction of storage reservoirs within the boundaries of the Forest Preserve, to equalize the flow of water from the Adirondack streams, and to provide for the maintenance and control of said reservoirs." The bill sounds innocent, but the friends of the Adirondack forests suspect it of being a measure for the promotion of the lumber business and the destruction of forests. It is not quite so easy to loot the Adirondacks as it was. Very many persons take an intelligent, selfish interest in the preservation of the public forests there, and watch out vigilantly against destructive innovations.

THE arrival in New York, on April 26, of Mrs. Mary Anderson Navarro was an incident of about as much interest to the public as the departure on the same day for Europe of Mr. Croker and Mr. Thomas B. Reed. There was a crowd to see Mr. Croker off; there was no crowd to welcome Mrs. Navarro, but every one who saw her seems to have recognized her and to have been highly interested to see her. She expressed surprise at it, and said she had been away so long that she had supposed that she had passed out of the public mind altogether. The truth is that the impression she made upon the American mind was so deep and thorough that there are not half a dozen women in the country as well known as she. And she is very affectionately regarded, too. She is to be here only six weeks. If she will make it six months a place shall be reserved for her on the committee that is to be appointed to receive Admiral George Dewey on his return from Cathay and the woolly East.

If she would like to christen a battle-ship before she returns she has only to mention it. Or we will name one of the Philippines after her! Forgotten? Dear no! When the heart is once truly skewered there is no forgetting.

MARY VICTORIA, BARONESS CURZON OF KEDLESTON.

AN AMERICAN SOVEREIGN

I.

IT was at the Viceroy's palace in Calcutta that I first heard Lady Curzon of Kedleston spoken of as "the Vicereine." The title is not official, for the charming American consort of the ruler of India has added nothing to her name in assuming the high position at her husband's side which his talents have gained for both. Though Lady Curzon is now attached to the household of the Queen-Empress, and has been made a member of the Order of the Crown of India, the tactful English could not have been expected to endow a consort of a Viceroy with prominence in a land where wives are what they are in India.

Well indeed is it for the people to speak of her as the Vicereine, since she is not only their sole visible and fleshly queen, but is queen over scores of native queens, as her husband is ruler over scores of Indian kings still enthroned over greater or lesser dominions as feudatories of the British crown. But the love and pride with which Lady Curzon is everywhere spoken of are more to be esteemed than the rank and title which cannot be withheld from this first of our countrywomen to hold so high a station. The affectionate tone with which I everywhere heard her referred to was but one of a thousand evidences of the extraordinary impression she made upon the people of Bombay and Calcutta immediately after her arrival in India. Even in small cities in the interior, and among Hindoos, who might not have been expected to interest themselves in a Viceroy's wife, the praises and compliments showered upon her here by press and public were joyously echoed in my hearing. They have reached London as well, and been accepted there, as I see by the periodicals that are already received in India.

Though Lady Curzon has no formal or official title applying to her new position, she has achieved, by her relationship to Lord Curzon, the highest and most powerful place which any American woman has gained by marrying out of her own country.

It is doubtful whether many Americans realize the extent of a Viceroy's power, the prestige which accompanies the place, the pomp, parade, and ceremony with which it is accompanied, or the splendor of the official residences and retinue which help to support its impressiveness. There is so much of very hard work connected with the office, and the swarming millions of Indian subjects have of late been so comparatively placid and content under British rule, that the tendency of recent viceroys has been to shear the post of much of its former splendor. Less and less has been thought of the value of pomp and pageantry in impressing the native mind; and, weighed down by the daily burden of routine toil and anxious responsibility, the later representatives of the crown have been content to become very dull and prosaic characters, as compared with the glittering and gorgeous figures cut by the old East India governors and the earlier viceroys, whose regal progresses through the empire were arranged to surprise even Oriental expectation.

But there is to be a measurable revival of the outward impressiveness of the place. The era of deadly dulness in government has passed. The exaggeration of the value of night oil and closet labor and the blindness to the great importance of display in Oriental statecraft are mistakes which will not be continued. Our American Vicereine is to be nearer to queenhood than her immediate predecessors—vice-queenhood, of course, yet undivided sovereignty on its own ground and in the eyes of its immediate beholders.

Our first American sovereign and her liege, Lord Curzon, rule more subjects than are combined in the sum total of the populations of all the nations of Europe omitting Russia. In size, India, with its one and a half million square miles of surface, ranks among the greatest empires of the earth, with Russia and Siberia and with the United States and her Territories. In length and breadth India's greatest measurements are each nearly two thousand miles. Two hundred and forty millions of subjects acknowledge the rule of the Empress Victoria's Viceroy. What this signifies has been most strikingly put by the writer who has pointed out that these subjects of England in India "exactly double Gibbon's estimate of one hundred and twenty millions for all the races and nations which obeyed imperial Rome."

Between the fur-clad turbulent warrior folk and shepherds who stalk the rude streets of unruly Quetta and Peshawar in the north and the fanatic Arab descendants in the south, whose women clothe only their lower limbs, the Viceroy overlooks a continent. Attached to Asia though it is, it lacks nothing to make it as complete a world in itself as Australia or America. Mountains of the first magnitude, rivers only second to the largest, plains of vast extent, and a coast-line like our own distinguish this minor world. Every climate between the arctic and the tropic is found there—intense cold and almost tropic heat come to it simultaneously—and a dozen dozen different native rulers bow to the Viceroy as their lord, yet keep their own gaudy and bejewelled courts, and inhabit the splendid palaces of their ancestors.

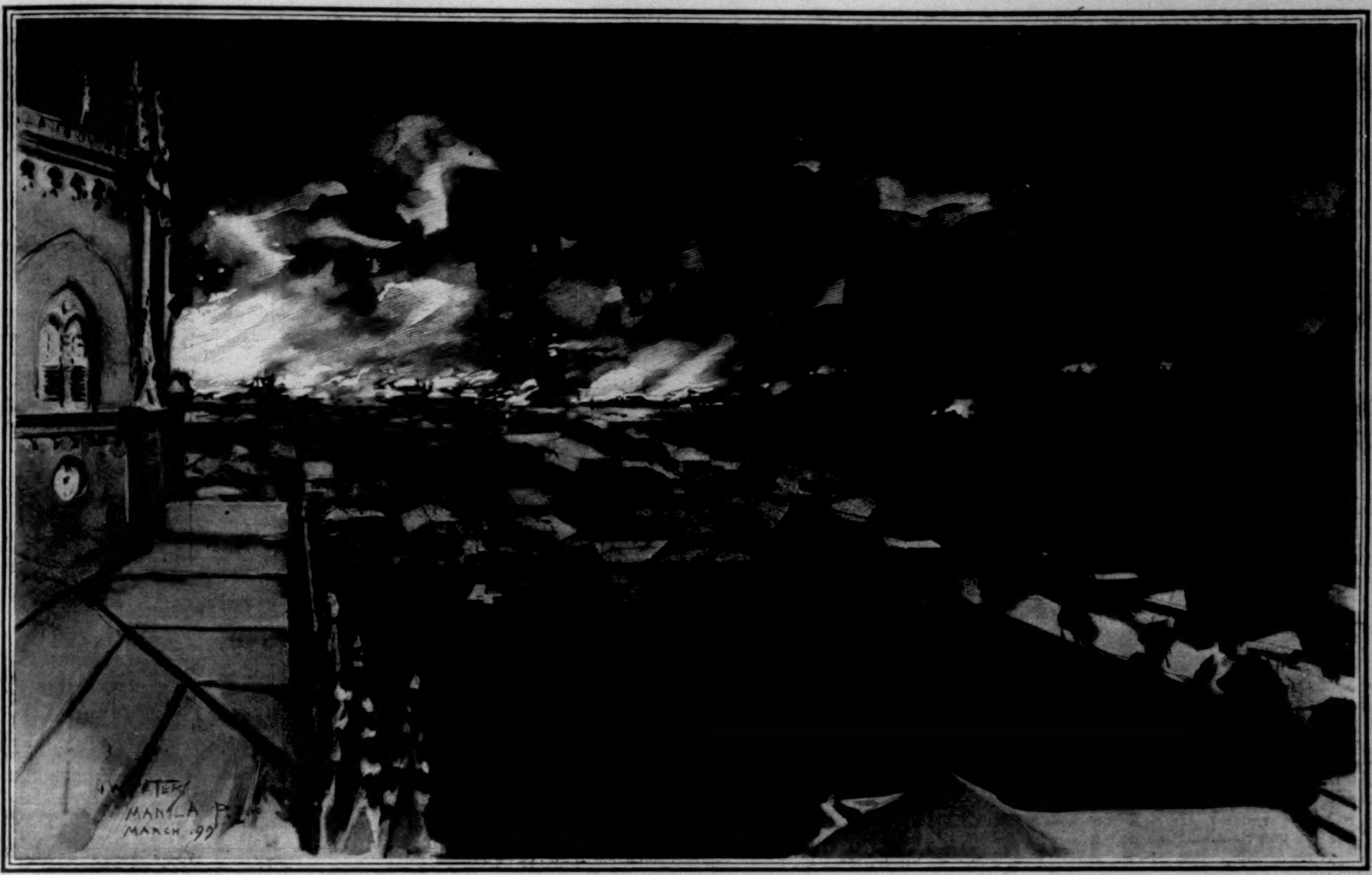
As I write this, Lord Curzon is squaring his strong back to the dead weight of routine work. His secretaries tell me that he keeps at his desk far into each night, and returns to it at early hours each morning. Yet he will, if he lives, restore to the viceregal throne more lustre of the patently perceptible sort which Orientals value highly than it has shown under his nearest predecessors. As far as his means permit, his clear judgment dictates, and his sense of dignity sanctions the reform, he will revive such external show as is needed to restore what the great office has lost. Lord Curzon knows India. He has visited it five times. Young as he is in mere years, he has made himself an acknowledged and high authority upon Indian subjects. Especially well does he know what may be called the Indian in the rough, as he is seen in the troubled northern border-lands. To this knowledge he adds an optimistic mind, a sanguine temperament, a warm sympathy easily stirred, and sufficient poetry, sentiment, and humor to make up the very strong character which has so impressed his countrymen. So far as he can do so, he will give his Oriental subjects what the Eastern masses prize, and the first of these in importance is external evidence of authority.

I found a sure key to the Viceroy's character in between the lines of a dozen speeches that he made in India in January and February. Some of his qualities—more especially his quick sympathy, humor, and the sentimental or romantic inclination—are rather more American than English; at least they are more commonly found in our public leaders than in those of England. It is consoling to us Americans to find that the man who has attracted so much beauty and talent away from our country is himself the next thing to an American.

He and Lady Curzon were at once thrown in contact with the people they were to rule, on embarking on the steamer for Bombay. This was because the crews and a proportion of the saloon servants on the ships of the Peninsular and Oriental Line are Indians. They gave to Lady Curzon a preliminary suggestion of the red-turbaned, dark-skinned, barefooted myriad which swarms upon the face of India. The other passengers were nearly all what are called Anglo-Indians—army men, officials in the Indian civil service, and the wives and daughters of such. To take such a voyage, lasting three weeks from London or a fortnight from Marseilles, where the Viceroy caught up with his wife, is to learn the more surprising features of India and of English life in the East before one has set foot on the famous "coral strand."

Some account of the splendid welcome which the city of Bombay extended to the viceregal couple has doubtless been sent to America. The landing took place on the Apollo Bunder, close to the Yacht Club, the point at which

HON. MARY IRENE CURZON,
Eldest Daughter of Lord and Lady Curzon.



MANILA—THE BURNING OF TONDO AND PART OF NEW MANILA DURING THE INSURGENT OUTBREAK, FEBRUARY 22.
DRAWN FROM LIFE BY G. W. PETERS, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN THE PHILIPPINES.

the fashionable Europeans seek the reviving breezes of the water-side in the first cool evening hours. Here a yellow and white pavilion had been erected. Within it seats were placed in opposing sets, between which a royal carpet led up from the water-side and ended at a table bearing the welcoming address of the City Corporation. The beautiful manuscript was encased in a massive box of silver, richly and delicately engraved. Royal Artillery men and a guard of the 1st Shropshire Light Infantry, all in new and smart uniforms, lined the approach to the pavilion. The band of the infantry regiment played in the pavilion, and a guard of honor of 100 picked men of the 21st Bombay Infantry, in white from tops to toes, was drawn up before the tent. Assembled within were the officers in command of the military and naval forces, the leading judges, the Lord Bishop, and many high officials of the municipal and imperial governments. Their gold lace, fine uniforms, sashes and chains, and the dresses of the ladies made the scene brilliant with color.

And yet this was as nothing compared with what Lady Curzon was to see all around her carriage as it passed through the native city. No European costuming can for an instant compare with the gaudiness of the rich and deep-toned dress of the common people. They illumine the streets of the native quarter as if they were the fragments of a rainbow scattered over the dull earth.

After the customary speeches, Lord and Lady Curzon rode away in state to Government House, the seat of the Governor of Bombay, now Lord Sandhurst. He and the Governor of Madras rank next to the Viceroy in the government of India. Here the Government House is on the opposite side of the bay. The ocean and the harbor are there separated only by the Governor's park, and the cooling breezes from both (more valued than gold in that hot climate) are not separated at all. The journey was made in a great glossy landau with four horses, with two Indians in stunning red turbans and coats on the box, two others on the step behind, with two mounted guards riding after the carriage, and with mounted police galloping ahead. Police, I say, but they also were turbaned, swarthy Indians, clad in red like bits of a brilliant sunset.

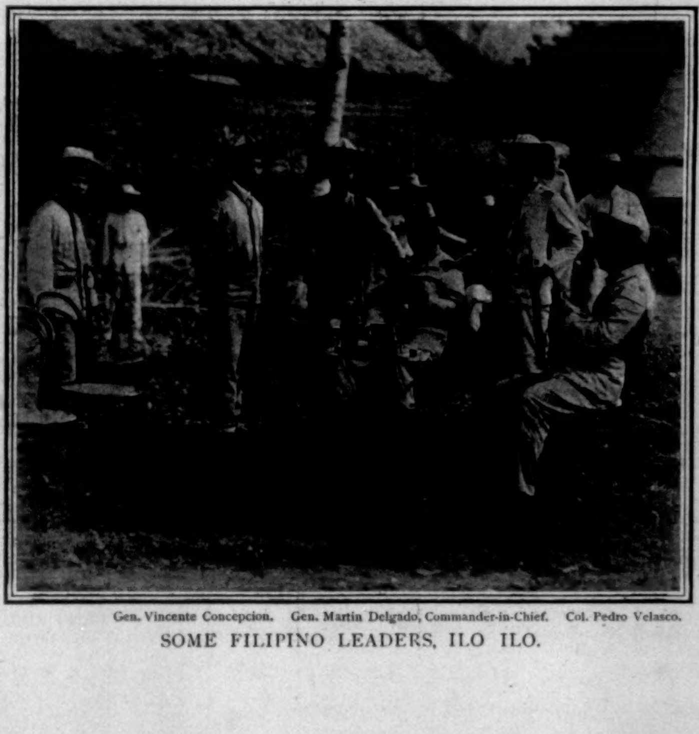
The viceregal pair and their escort skirted the blue, horseshoe-shaped bay, at whose head they parted from the city and entered the villa-dotted, palm-shaded precincts of the rich folk of Bombay. Entering the great white gate of the Government House grounds, their carriage rolled through a long water-bordered park, beneath palms and cocoanuts, and beside clusters of banana and bamboo, until a low and open white bungalow of great size opposed their further journeying. It was the state pavilion or reception bungalow of the Governor. Its broad steps were covered with red carpet, and on each side of this staircase, man above man, two steps apart, stood a towering line of stalwart guards in black boots, gorgeous red coats, and huge red turbans, each carrying a lance at rest, members of Lord Sandhurst's body-guard, all Sikhs—those fighting-men who gave the English desperate fighting, and still look as fierce as Barbary pirates, yet are now devoted soldiers of the Empress.

Also on the steps stood Lord Sandhurst—an earnest man, hard-worked beyond belief—and his kindly wife, both smiling a broad welcome to the new king and queen of India. Lord Curzon stopped to admire and inspect Lord Sandhurst's body-guard, whom he afterward praised with enthusiasm. Lady Curzon ran eagerly up the steps and turned in-doors with Lady Sandhurst, the quicker to get her first view of the state and pride of official English life in India.

I followed shortly afterward, and having been entertained by the Governor, will, in another letter, describe and explain what she saw.

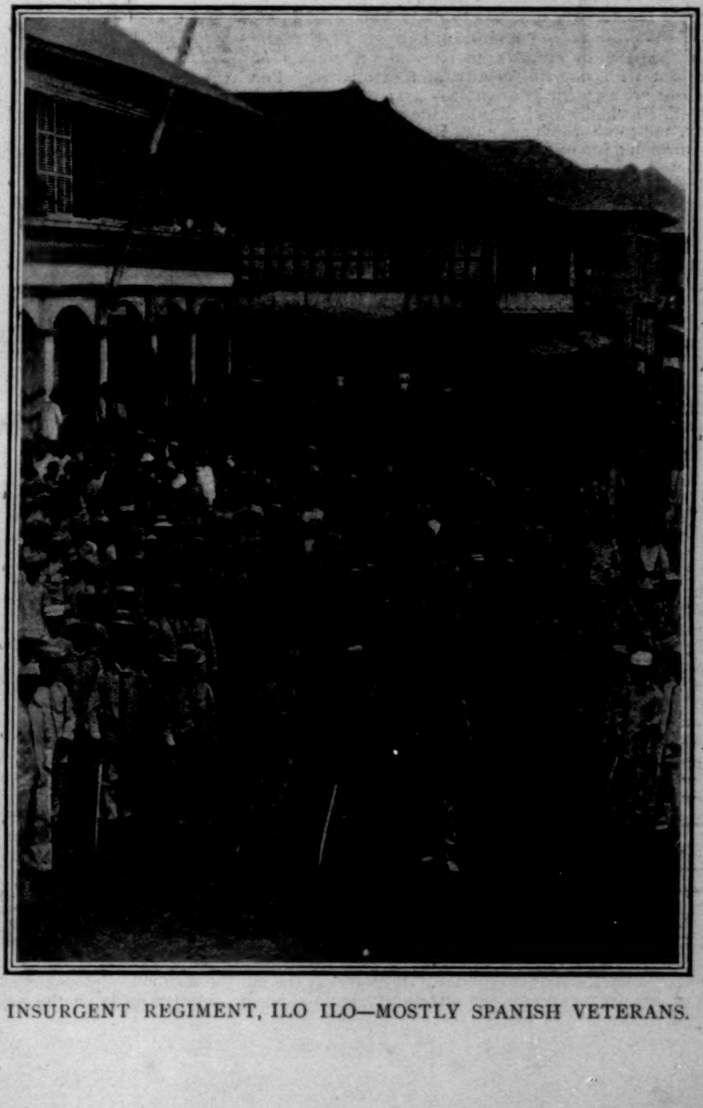
JULIAN RALPH.

Gen. A. Magbanna. Gen. V. Poblador.

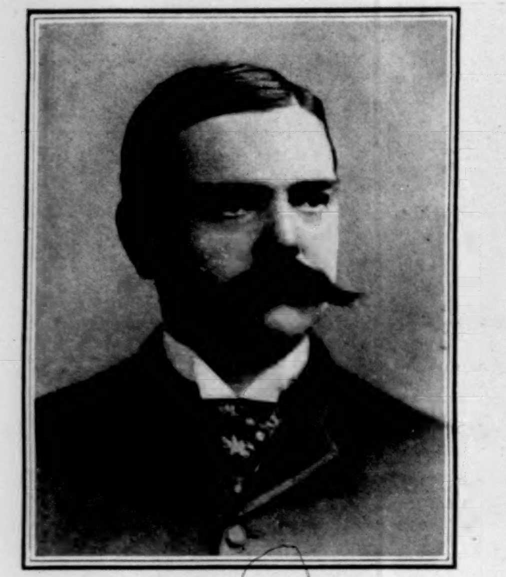


Gen. Vincente Concepcion. Gen. Martin Delgado, Commander-in-Chief. Col. Pedro Velasco.

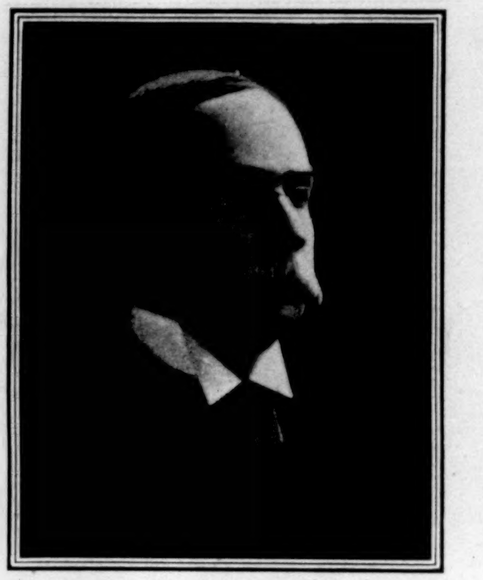
SOME FILIPINO LEADERS, ILO ILO.



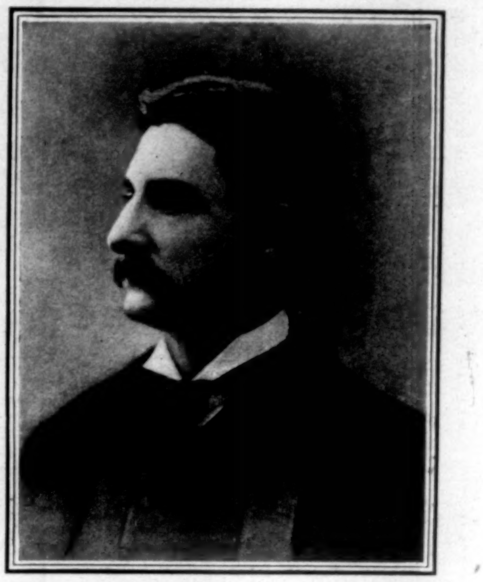
INSURGENT REGIMENT, ILO ILO—MOSTLY SPANISH VETERANS.



JAMES P. TALIAFERRO,
United States Senator from Florida—Democrat.



HON. JOHN N. IRWIN,
New United States Minister to Portugal.



HON. ARTHUR S. HARDY,
New United States Minister to Greece.

DRAMA

The American Tour of Herr Adolf von Sonnenthal.

FOR those who care for the drama as the highest form of poetical expression, the event of the season now closing is the appearance of the Austrian actor Herr Adolf von Sonnenthal. Herr von Sonnenthal was born some sixty-five years ago in Pesth. In his young manhood he was devoted to the theatre, and saved money from his scanty earnings to attend the Imperial Burgtheater in Vienna. He finally became a member of the Burgtheater Company, and has continued in it for over forty years. Among the many excellent actors in Austria and Germany he is doubtless now the best, and, like Sir Henry Irving in England, he has received the honor of knighthood for his services to his national drama. His first appearance in America was in 1885, at the Thalia Theatre—The Old Bowery—in New York. During his present engagement, which has been under the direction of Herr Heinrich Conried, he has acted Lessing's "Nathan," Schiller's "Wallenstein's Tod," Wilbrandt's "Tochter des Fabricius," Hauptmann's "Fuhrmann Henschel," Sardou's "Old Bachelors," and Ohnet's "The Iron-master." He has played mainly at Herr Conried's Irving Place Theatre, New York, but has given performances in Brooklyn, Chicago, St. Louis, and Milwaukee.

Catholicity in the Drama.

The character of the man is aptly indicated by the plays he has given, two of which are from the classical poetic drama, two from the modern German realists, and two from the modern French. Though born in an age of purely poetic drama, and still by nature and traditions an idealist, he has grasped the import of the latest developments of naturalism with unerring sanity and sympathy. For him there are two kinds of plays—good plays and bad plays—those which are vitalized by the spirit of truth and beauty, and those which are not. His catholicity has limitless meaning for our actors and playwrights, and here and there a critic will be grateful for the hint as to what real intelligence implies.

Sonnenthal as a Classical Actor.

Herr von Sonnenthal's achievements in his various parts are of course subject to human limitations, but to realize this fact takes a special effort of critical equilibrium. His intention is always that of the master, and his methods are those of the simple and thorough artist. If his *Wallenstein* lacked martial fire, the defect was one of physical temperament—perhaps of advancing years. His walk was that of a man of arms, and his speech that of one whose habit of a lifetime was to command. And above the exterior effects of the character one felt the poet's intention—the impending and inevitable ruin of *Wallenstein*, and of all who depended upon him, because of the very engrossment of the ambition that had raised him to such heights. His reading of *Nathan* was a memory for a lifetime. No ability of representation could hide the fact that the play is not a drama at all, in any sense of the word which is familiar to the French or the English mind; at most it is a drama of philosophic thought. Yet it was in *Nathan* that Herr von Sonnenthal's art produced the most searching effect. His stature lent dignity to the old Jew's wisdom, his mobile face re-enforced the poet's meaning. The flexibility of his speech gave scope for innumerable shadings of thought, and its modulation for inexhaustible pleasure to the ear. Strangest and most wonderful of all, to one who has been brought up on the drama of prose, his gestures, exquisitely varied and apt in characterization as they were, floated in a rhythm that was the overtone of the rhythm of the lines he was uttering. His delivery of the famous parable of the rings, beginning with the negative effects of *Nathan's* diffidence and reticence before the Sultan *Saladin*, rose little by little as each resource of the actor was brought into play, until the final words, "So sagt der bescheidene Richter," fell upon the hearer like the climax of a symphonic crescendo, only to subside by an easy and dramatic change of expression into the habitual deference and abasement of the Jew. Over and above these effects of technique was the thing that gave them life—the spirit of the artist moving in his interpretation. To each hearer, I suppose, this meant a different thing, and to every one it is inexpressible except as the great actor expressed it. One can only state that its effect was at once warm and sombre. If it lies in the nature of one art to suggest the effects of another art—a thing which is at least to be questioned—I should say that Herr von Sonnenthal's *Nathan* had the quality of a portrait by Rembrandt.

Sonnenthal as a Realist.

"Fuhrmann Henschel" is as far as can be from "Wallenstein" and "Nathan." Instead of the poetical drama of thought, we have a dialect play dealing with the most rudimentary phases of life. Instead of cultivation and deep intelligence, we have the mind of a peasant teamster who has never grappled with anything beyond his whips and his horses. Herr von Sonnenthal's gestures are at most a dazed thrusting forward of the head, an inarticulate swing of the arms, a lumpish gait. There is no rhythm of speech, no transitions, no crescendo—only a grunt of rough tenderness, a snort of rage, or a stupor of despair. Yet in every case the gesture, the tone, the facial expression, fit the word and surpass it. Between Herr von Sonnenthal's different characters there is only the remotest family likeness; the inarticulate clownishness is as apt in its discrimination of character as the utterance of the most flexible verse. The fate that, springing from *Henschel's* ignorance of life, works upon his simplicity of soul, is as clearly denoted as the fate that springs from *Wallenstein's* ambition and ruins his greatness. The ultimate effect is no more true, no less beautiful, than in the classical interpretation. What Herr von Sonnenthal sees in *Henschel* is akin to what Rembrandt would have seen; and, again, what one mainly feels and remembers of the performance is only to be expressed as a mingling of warmth and sombreness of feeling.

Herr Conried and His Repertory Company.

For the privilege of Herr von Sonnenthal's visit we have to thank the fact that in the cities visited there are repertory actors competent to assist in the production of the best German plays. Though Herr von Sonnenthal has time and again been invited by Sir Henry Irving to play at the Lyceum in London, he has been prevented by the fact that in England there are no competent German actors to support him. Ours is, therefore, the only English-speaking country he has visited; and the fact that his tours have to be made in his five weeks' vacation from the Hofburg Theater, together with his advanced age, leave us only the hope that we may see him here again. The actors that Herr von Sonnenthal found at the Irving Place Theatre deserve more than the few words I can give. If they were scarcely adequate in the poetical dramas, that was perhaps because in Germany the common or garden ideas of grace and dignity are different from the ideas one finds in our commons or gardens. In the modern and realistic plays they were so good that they gave the great visitor fit support at every turn. Most of all, I think, we should be grateful to Herr Direktor Conried, whose energy and skill have produced the repertory company, and whose ambition has brought to our cities so many of the best German and Austrian actors. The virtues of a repertory theatre are pretty well known wherever Mr. William Archer has delivered his lecture of late on "What We Can Do for the Drama." What Mr. Archer hoped to see accomplished in English-speaking communities by means of beneficent subscriptions among the rich, Herr Direktor Conried has accomplished for the Germans by sheer force of his skill and devotion.

JOHN CORBIN.

Distinguished Americans

JOHN N. IRWIN, of Iowa, formerly Governor of Idaho, was on April 18 appointed by President McKinley to be United States minister to Portugal. Mr. Irwin succeeds Lawrence Townsend, who has been transferred to Belgium, the post at Brussels having been left vacant by the selection of Bellamy Storer as minister to Madrid. Although born and educated in Ohio, Mr. Irwin has spent more than one-half of the fifty years of his life in Iowa. He abandoned the practice of the law in favor of commercial pursuits near the beginning of his career, and by continuous success has proved the wisdom of this decision in his case. He has taken an active part in Western politics; was honored by election to the Mayoralty of Keokuk on a citizens' ticket, receiving the support of both parties; and after serving as Governor of Idaho, by President Arthur's appointment, was made Governor of Arizona by President Harrison.

Another diplomatic appointment of uncommon interest was made on the same day, April 18, when Arthur Sherburne Hardy was named for transfer from Teheran, Persia, to Athens, Greece. Mr. Hardy is a native of Massachusetts, having been born at Andover in that State, August 13, 1847. Part of his early education was received in Switzerland; then followed courses in Phillips Andover Academy and at West Point. Graduating in 1869, he entered the Third Artillery, but resigned at the end of a year, and was elected professor in Iowa College in 1871. This position he held until he went to Paris, where he studied civil engineering for a year, and returned in 1874 to be Professor of Mathematics at Dartmouth. He has published several mathematical works, in addition to his well-known and successful novels.

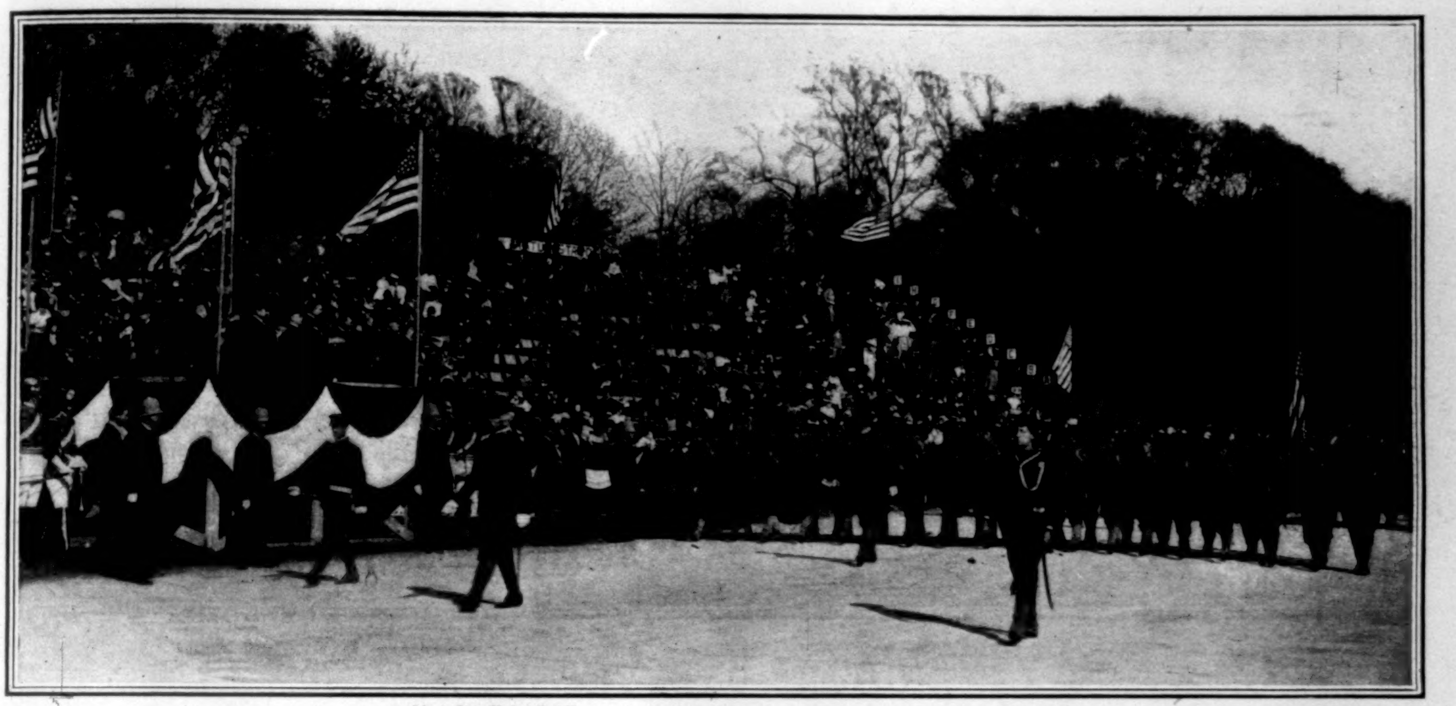
James P. Taliaferro, who was elected to the office of Senator from Florida on April 19, has for many years been a resident of Jacksonville, and more recently has gained prominence as one of the leading business men in the State.

A New Statue of Grant

A COMMEMORATIVE bronze statue of General Ulysses S. Grant was unveiled in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, on April 27, the seventy-seventh anniversary of the birth of the great commander of the Union armies. President McKinley, with many distinguished officers of the nation and State, took part in the ceremonies.

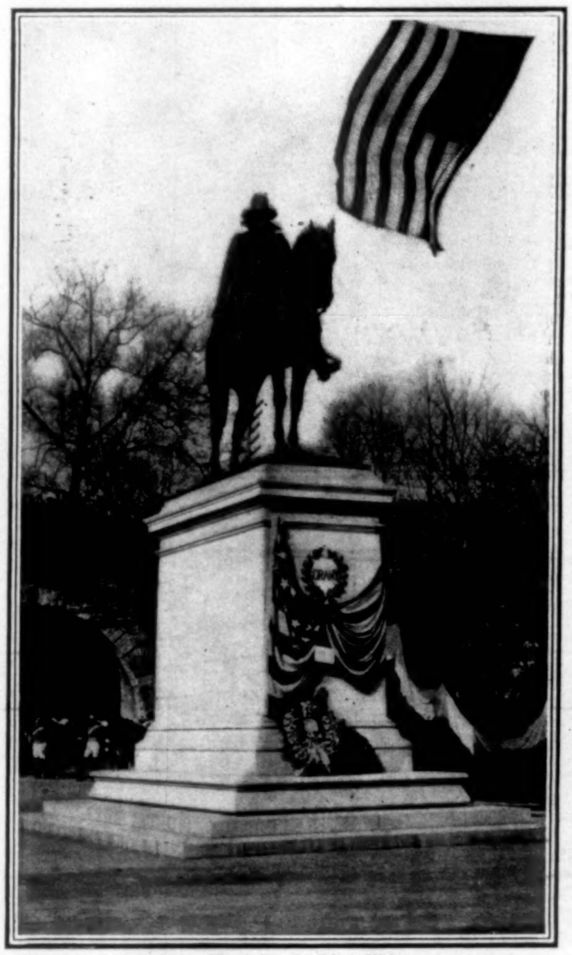
Promptly at the hour set for the departure of the line of carriages from the Bellevue, in South Broad Street, a squad of mounted police appeared, followed by the First City Troop, under command of Captain John C. Groome; and when the start was made this troop acted as the President's escort. The carriage containing Mr. McKinley, John H. Converse—President of the Fairmount Park Art Association—Secretary Gage, and Mr. Charles C. Harrison was drawn by four black horses. Secretary Long and Secretary Hitchcock, with President Thompson of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and President Darlington of the Union League, occupied the carriage immediately following. Attorney-General Griggs and Secretary Cortelyou came next, and among the persons in the other carriages who were objects of special interest to the great crowd thronging Philadelphia's streets were General Miles; Admiral Casey; Captain Clark, formerly of the *Oregon;* M. Jules Cambon, the French ambassador; Captain Coghlan of the *Raleigh;* Daniel C. French and E. C. Potter, sculptors of the statue; Governor Stone and his staff; and in the last section of carriages, which was devoted to the use of ladies and members of the reception committee, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. McKinley, and Miss Rosemary Sartoris, General Grant's granddaughter. When the head of the procession reached the statue a salute of twenty-one guns was fired. A military procession passed over the same route half an hour later. This was marshalled by General Snowden; sailors and marines from the *Raleigh*, led by Lieutenant-Commander Phelps, were given the place of honor; then followed the First Brigade of the Pennsylvania National Guard, a division composed of cadet commands, and representatives of the Grand Army of the Republic, carrying battle-flags of the civil war. The unveiling exercises opened with a prayer by Bishop Whitaker. Mayor Ashbridge delivered a short address, and Mr. Converse formally presented the statue to the commissioners of Fairmount Park. At the conclusion of Mr. Converse's address, Miss Sartoris mounted the steps leading to a small platform, to which ran the cord which connected with the top of the red, white, and blue covering of the statue. When she pulled this cord, and the bunting fell to the base of the statue, two flags ran out on a line on each side, a salute of seventeen guns was fired, and a great cheer arose from the crowd. General Snowden received the statue on behalf of the commissioners, and the sculptors were introduced. Immediately after the review the President and cabinet officers, escorted by the City Troop, drove to the Union League Club, where they were dined by Mr. Converse. In the evening a great audience in the Academy of Music listened to speeches by the President and Hampton L. Carson.

The statue is of heroic size, its height from the bottom of the plinth to the top of the rider's hat being fifteen feet one inch. Of the two artists mentioned, Mr. French designed the figure of Grant, and Mr. Potter designed the horse. Their motif is a moment when Grant was surveying a battle-field from an eminence, intent upon the operations of his own forces and those of the enemy.



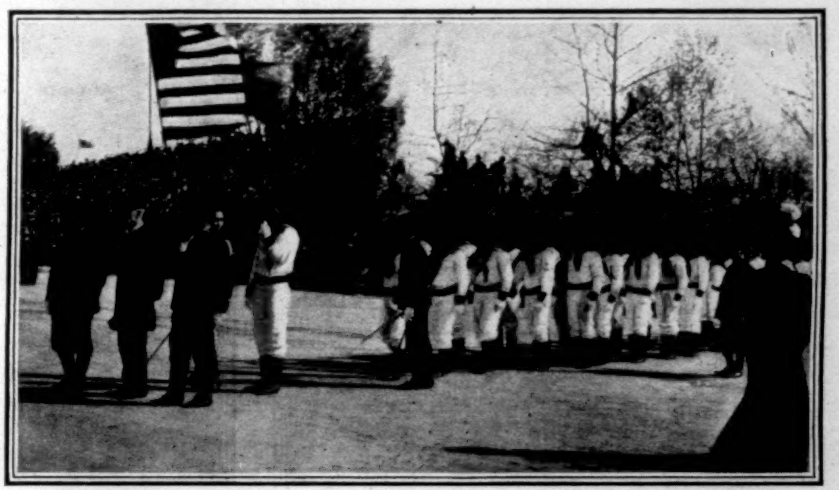
Lieut.-Com. Phelps, U. S. N.

OFFICERS AND CREW OF THE U. S. S. "RALEIGH" PASSING THE REVIEWING-STAND.



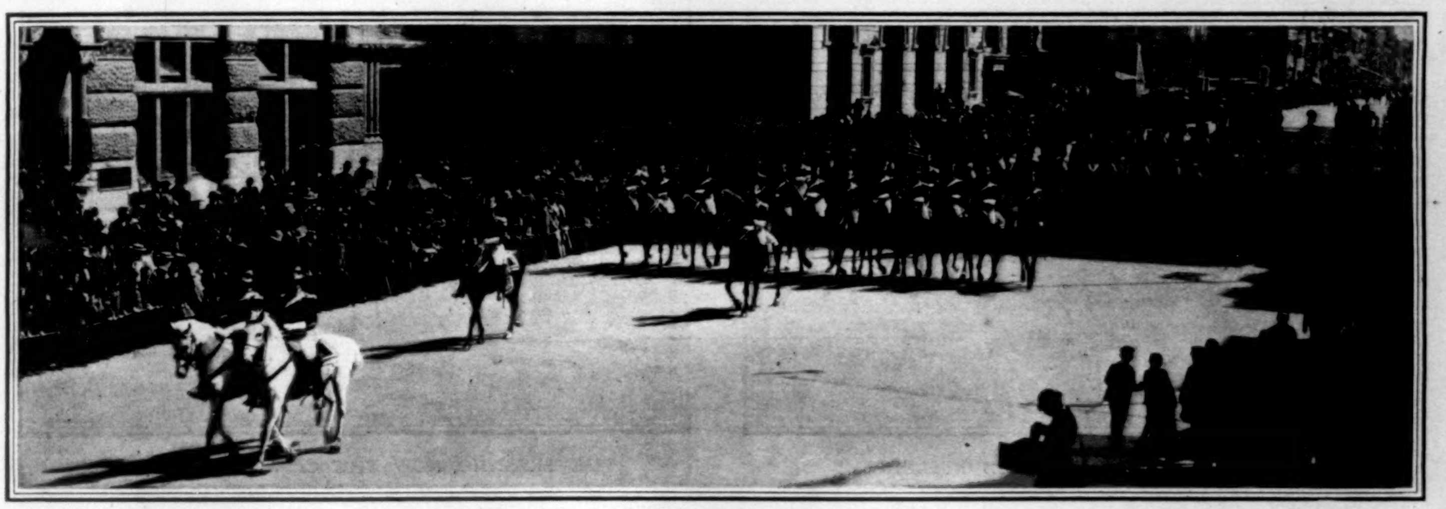
Wreath from the Chinese Minister.

HERIOC EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GEN. U. S. GRANT.
Daniel C. Potter and Edward C. French, Sculptors.



CHINESE NAVAL BATTALION OF RACE STREET MISSION, WITH WREATH FROM CHINESE MINISTER.

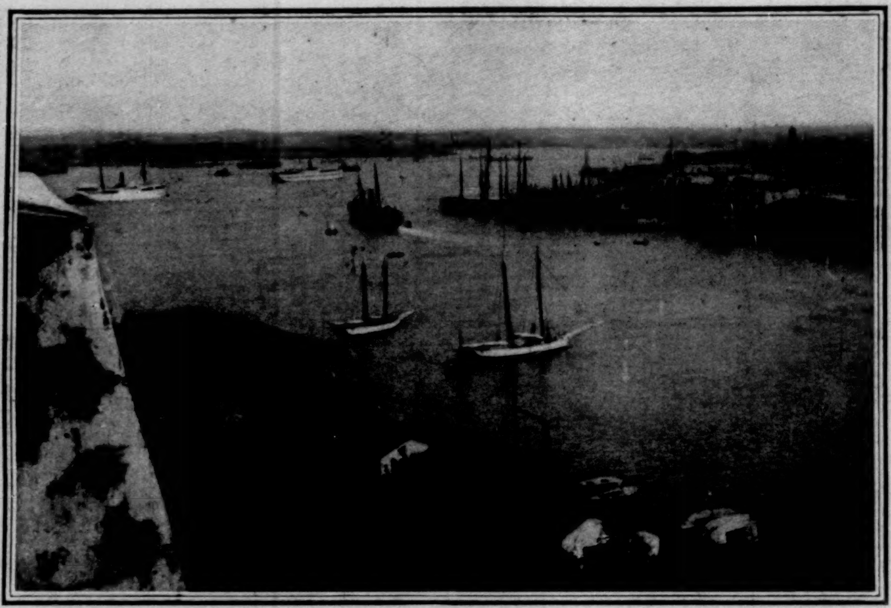
PRESIDENT McKINLEY ON HIS WAY FROM BROAD STREET STATION TO THE HOTEL.



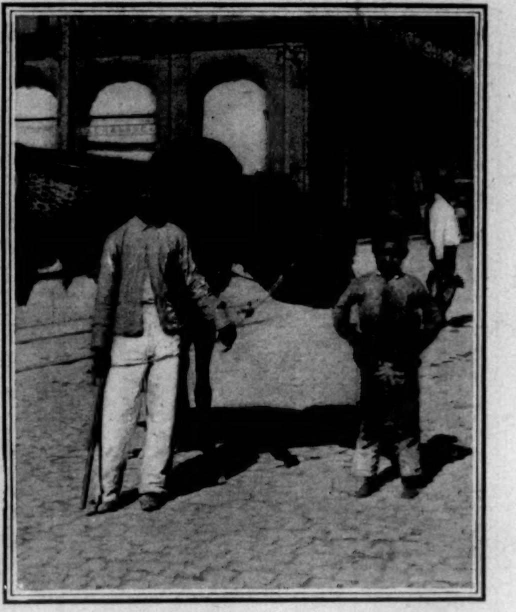
THE START OF THE PROCESSION—PRESIDENT McKINLEY LEAVING THE HOTEL.

PHILADELPHIA—THE UNVEILING OF THE NEW EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GENERAL GRANT.

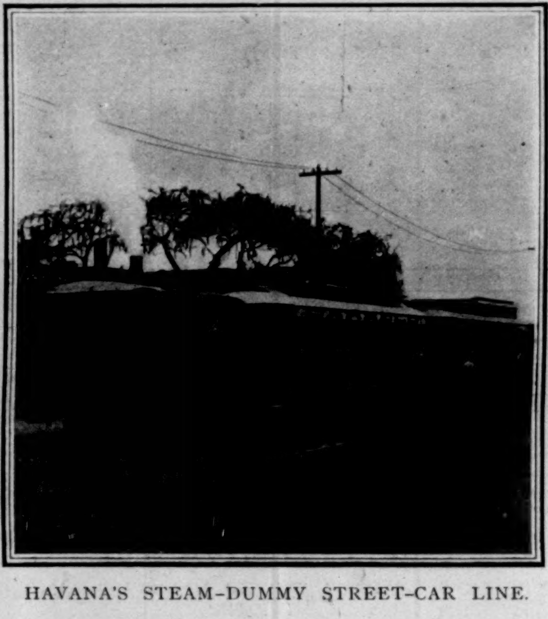
Photographs by James Burton, Special Photographer for "Harper's Weekly."



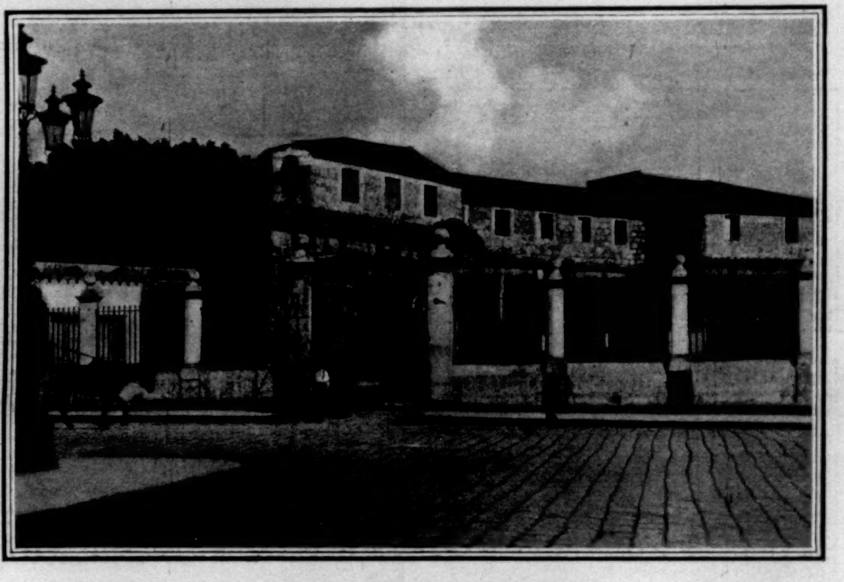
VIEW OF HAVANA HARBOR FROM MORRO CASTLE.



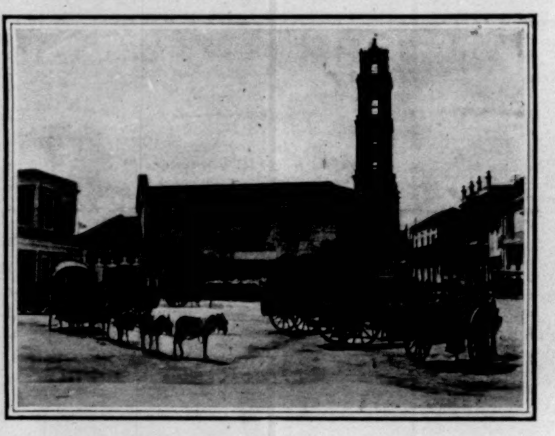
A HAVANESE HAWKER.



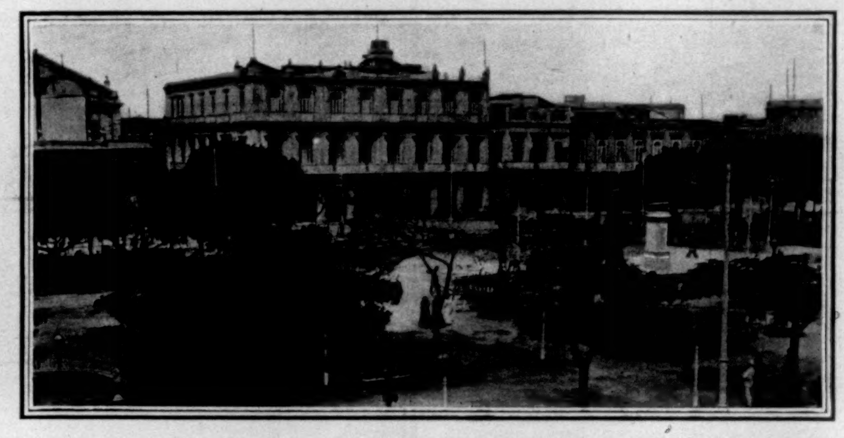
HAVANA'S STEAM-DUMMY STREET-CAR LINE.



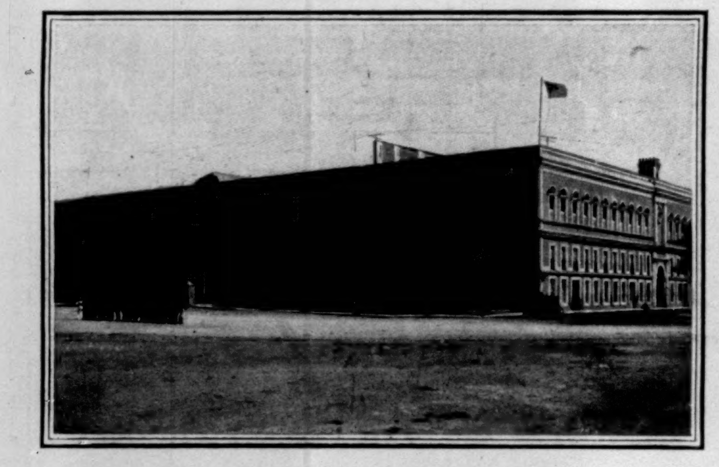
OLD MILITARY PRISON, PLAZA DE ARMAS.



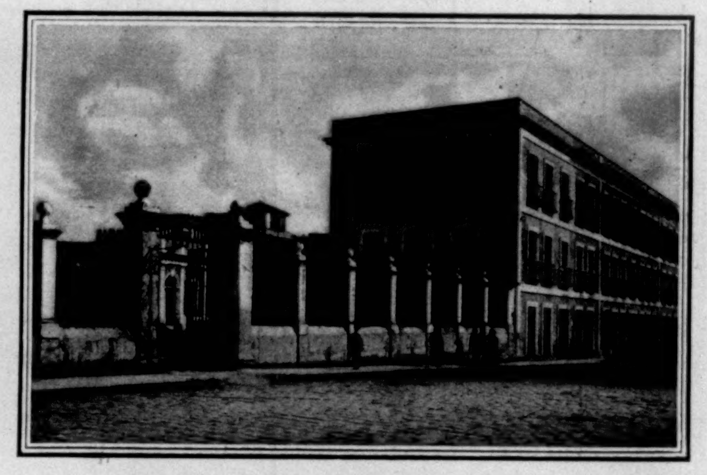
THE CUSTOM HOUSE.



THE HOTEL INGLATERRA AND CENTRAL PARK.



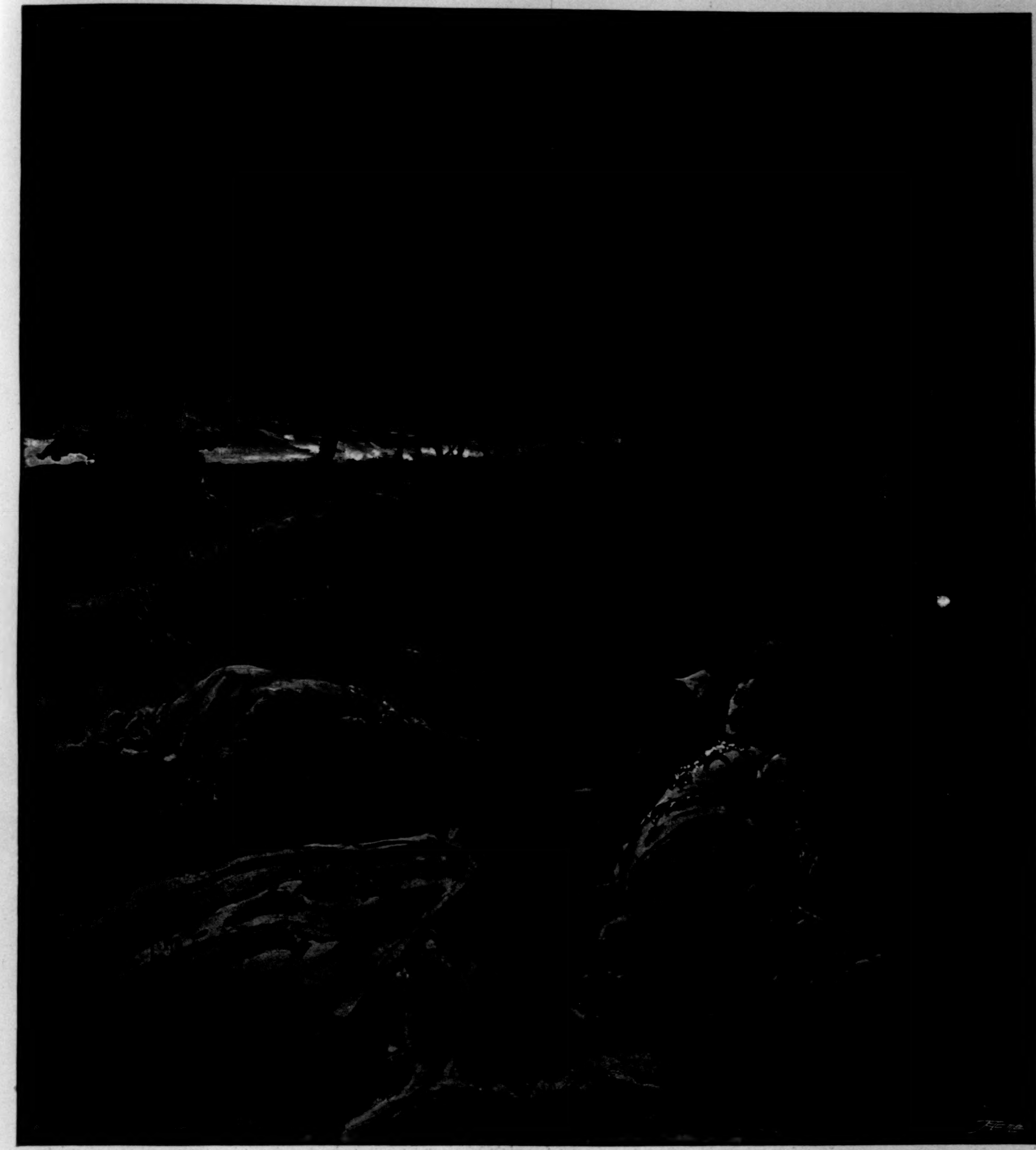
THE PRESENT POST-OFFICE BUILDING.



THE PRESIDIO, NOW THE CITY PENITENTIARY.

AROUND HAVANA WITH A CAMERA.

Photographs by James Burton, Special Photographer for "Harper's Weekly" in Cuba.—[See Page 462.]



WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES.[*] By H. G. Wells

AUTHOR OF "THE WAR OF THE WORLDS," "THE INVISIBLE MAN," "THIRTY STRANGE STORIES," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.—(*Continued.*)

AT first he did not understand, and then a wild joy possessed him. He shouted at the top of his voice, an inarticulate shout, and he drove higher and higher up the sky. "Where was the other aeropile?" he thought. "They, too—" As he looked round the empty heavens he had a momentary fear that they had risen above him, and then he saw their machine alighting on the Norwood stage. They had meant shooting. To risk being rammed headlong two thousand feet in the air was beyond their latter-day courage. The combat was declined.

For a little while he circled, then swooped in a steep descent towards the westward stage. The twilight was creeping on apace, the smoke from the Streatham stage that had been so dense and dark was now a pillar of fire, and all the laced curves of the moving ways and the translucent roofs and domes and the chasms between the buildings were glowing softly now, lit by the tempered radiance of the electric light that the glare of the day had overpowered. The three efficient stages that the Ostrogites held—for Wimbledon Park was useless because of the fire from Roehampton, and Streatham was a furnace—were glowing with guide lights for the coming aeroplanes. As he swept over the Roehampton stage he saw the dark masses of the people thereon. He heard a clap of frantic cheering, heard a bullet from the Wimbledon Park stage tweet through the air, and went beating up a long declivity above the Surrey wastes. He felt a breath of wind from the southwest, and lifted his westward wing, as he had learnt to do, and so drove upward heeling.

Up he drove and up, until the country beneath was blue and indistinct, and London spread like a little map, traced in light, like the mere model of a city, far behind him. The southwest was a sky of sapphire over the shadowy rim of the world, and ever as he drove upward the multitude of stars increased.

And, behold! in the southward, low down and glittering swiftly nearer, were two little patches of nebulous light. And then two more, and then a nebulous glow of swiftly driving shapes. The whole southwest was soon as bright as moonrise with that multitude. The aeroplanes had come! And his last duty in the world was this, to stop their landing for an hour.

He swept round in a half-circle, staring at this advancing fleet flying in a wedgelike shape, a flight of phosphorescent birds through the lower air. He made a swift calculation of their pace, and spun the little wheel that brought the engine forward. He aimed at the apex of the wedge. He dropped like a stone through the whistling air. It seemed scarce a second from that soaring moment before he struck the foremost aeroplane.

No man of all that black multitude saw the coming of his fate; no man among them dreamt of the hawk that fell downward out of the sky. Those who were not limp in the agonies of airsickness were craning their black necks and staring to see the filmy city that was rising out of the haze—the rich and splendid city to which "Massa Boss" had brought their obedient muscles. Bright teeth gleamed and the glossy faces shone. They had heard of Paris. They knew they were to have fine times among the "poor white" trash. And suddenly Graham struck them.

He had aimed at the body of the aeroplane, but at the very last instant a better idea had flashed into his mind. He twisted about and struck near the edge of the starboard wing with all his accumulated weight. He was jerked back as he struck. His prow went gliding across its smooth expanse towards the rim. He felt the forward rush of the huge fabric sweeping him and his aeropile along with it, and for a moment that seemed an age he could not tell what was happening. He heard a thousand throats yelling, and perceived that his machine was balanced on the edge of the gigantic float, and driving down, down; glanced over his shoulder and saw the backbone of the aeroplane and the opposite float swaying up. He had a vision through the ribs of sliding chairs, staring faces, and hands clutching at the tilting guide bars. The fenestrations in the further float flashed open as the aeronaut tried to right her. Beyond he saw a second aeroplane leaping steeply to escape the whirl of its heeling fellow. The broad area of swaying wings seemed to jerk upward. He felt his aeropile had dropped clear; that the monstrous fabric, clean overturned, hung like a sloping wall above him.

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[*] Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2194.

He did not clearly understand that he had struck the side float of the aeroplane and slipped off, but he perceived that he was flying free on the down glide and rapidly nearing the earth. What had he done? His heart throbbed like a noisy engine in his throat, and for an instant he could not move his levers because of the trembling of his hands. He wrenched the levers to throw his engine back, fought for two seconds against the weight of it, felt himself righting, driving horizontally.

He looked upward and saw two aeroplanes glide shouting overhead; looked back, and saw the main body of the fleet opening out and rushing upward and outward; then saw the one he had struck fall edgewise on and strike like a gigantic knife-blade along the wind-wheels far away below. He put down his stern and looked again. He drove up, heedless of his direction, as he watched. He saw the wind-vanes give, saw the huge fabric strike the earth, saw its downward vanes crumple with the weight of its descent, and then the whole mass turned over and smashed, upside down, upon the sloping wheels. Throb, throb, throb, pause. Suddenly, from the heaving wreckage, a thin tongue of white fire licked up towards the zenith. And then he was aware of a huge mass flying through the air towards him, and turned upward just in time to escape the charge—if it was a charge—of a second aeroplane. It whirled by below, sucked him down a fathom, and nearly turned him over in the gust of its close passage.

He became aware of three others rushing towards him, aware of the urgent necessity of beating above them. Aeroplanes were all about him, circling wildly to avoid him, as it seemed. They drove past him, above, below, eastward, and westward. Far away to the westward was the sound of a collision, and two falling flares. Steadily he beat upward as they passed. Presently they were all below him, but for a moment he doubted the height he had of them, and did not swoop again. And then he came down upon a second victim, and all its load of soldiers saw him coming. The big machine heeled and swayed as the fear-maddened men scrambled to the stern for their weapons. A score of bullets sang through the air, and there flashed a star in the thick glass wind-screen that protected him. The aeroplane slowed and dropped to foil his stroke, and dropped too low. Just in time he saw the wind-wheels of the Bromley Hills rushing towards him, and spun about and up as the aeroplane crashed among them. The great fabric seemed to be standing on end for a second among its splintering ruins, and then to fly to pieces. A hot rush of flame shot overhead into the darkling sky.

"Two!" he cried, with a bomb from overhead bursting as it fell, and he was beating up, intent upon a third victim. A glorious exhilaration possessed him now, a giant activity. Aeroplanes seemed radiating from him in every direction, intent only upon avoiding him; the yelling of the packed passengers came in short gusts as they swept by. He chose his third quarry, struck hastily, and did but turn it on edge. It escaped him, to smash against the tall cliff of London Wall. He skimmed the ground so nearly he could see a frightened rabbit bolting up a slope. He jerked up steeply, and found himself driving over South London, with the air about him vacant. To the right of him a wild riot of signal rockets banged tumultuously in the sky. To the south the wreckage of a dozen air-ships flamed, and east and west and north the air-ships fled before him. One had landed on the eastward stage—the stage called Shooter's Hill. None other had dared to slacken in his proximity. He passed two hundred feet or so above the Roehampton stage. It was black with people, and noisy with their frantic shouting. But why was the Wimbledon Park stage black and cheering too? The smoke and flame of Streatham now hid the three farther stages. He curved about and rose to see them and the northern quarters. First came the square masses of Shooter's Hill into sight from behind the smoke, lit and orderly, with its aeroplane and its disembarking negroes. Then came Blackheath, and then under the corner of the reek the Norwood stage. He wondered what time he had won for the people; how far they had progressed with the mounting of the guns.

On Blackheath an aeropile lay under the guides. But Norwood was covered by a swarm of little figures running to and fro in a passionate confusion. Why? Abruptly he understood. The stubborn defence of the flying-stages was over; the people were pouring into the underways of these last strongholds of the usurpation. "They win!" he shouted to the empty air; "the people win! The aeroplanes had come too late." He rose and drove towards these eastward stages. And then he saw the aeropile on Blackheath was running down its guides to launch. It lifted clean and rose. Instinctively, instantly, he knew that this aeropile carried Ostrog in flight from the revolt. Instantly he knew what he must do.

He shouted, and dropped towards the aeropile. It rose steeply at his approach. He allowed for its velocity, and drove straight upon it. He saw it before him; saw the faces of Ostrog and the aeronaut growing swiftly distinct.

The aeropile before him became a mere flat edge, and, behold! he was past it, and driving headlong down with all the force of his futile blow.

He was furiously angry. He reeled the engine back along its shaft, and went circling up. He saw Ostrog beating up a spiral before him not half a mile away. He rose straight towards him; won above him by virtue of the impetus of his swoop and by the advantage of the weight of a man. He dropped headlong, and missed again. As he rushed past he saw the face of Ostrog's aeronaut confident and cool. He realized, with a gleam of wrath, how bungling his flight must be.

Right in front of his angry eyes appeared a strange thing. The eastward stage, the one on Shooter's Hill, appeared to lift; a flash, changing to a tall gray shape, a cowled figure of smoke and dust, jerked into the air. This cowled figure stood for a moment motionless, dropping huge masses of metal from its shoulders, and then began to uncoil a dense head of smoke. For a moment he forgot the aeropile above in his astonishment. As suddenly a second flash and gray shape sprang up from the Norwood stage. And even as he stared at this came a dead report, and the air-wave of the first explosion struck him. He was flung up and sideways.

For a moment the aeropile fell nearly edgewise, with her nose down, and seemed to hesitate whether to overset altogether. He stood on his wind-shield, wrenching the wheel that swayed up over his head, and she righted even as he shot down. And then the shock of the second explosion took her sideways—turned her on her edge.

Abruptly Ostrog's aeropile dropped and struck him. But it struck badly, because of the second concussion. He did not know they were upon him until he reeled with the crash of the blow; they had dropped obliquely downward upon him as he came up the righting curve. He was thrown over sideways out of his stays. He saw the vanes of their machine swooping through the air; saw their screws whirling upside down; saw Ostrog, with open mouth and staring eyes, looking strangely rigid. He found himself clinging to one of the ribs of his machine, and the air was blowing past him and *upward*. He seemed to be hanging quite still in the air, with the wind blowing up past him. It occurred to him that he was falling. He knew next that the whole mass, the two locked aeropiles, was falling together. He could not look down.

He found himself recapitulating with incredible swiftness all that had happened since his awakening. His mind was clear and active. Chiefly he was sorry that he should never see Helen again. It seemed so unreasonable that he should not see her again.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FROM THE HILL-SIDE.

THE sun had set, the dusk was deepening, and above the city a couple of stars quivered on the verge of visibility. A man on horseback, wrapped in a warm cloak, rode towards the crest of the hill that had once been called Addiscombe. He was a tall broad-shouldered man, one of the watchers of the countless sheep that graze on the grassy solitudes under the wind-wheels along the hills of Surrey and Kent.

Over the vacant country-side—for all trees had been cleared to give the wind-wheels freedom—the hours were monotonous enough, and a man would sometimes pine for the city. His was a lonely life, for the whole country was given up to sheep, and when his duties kept him from sight of the swarming highroads that ran to the ferry jetties at Dover, Portsmouth, and Clifton, he would sometimes ride for a day together without meeting a fellowman. And his only companions during his time of duty were the engineers who came out to see after the wind-vanes and his rare fellow-watchers. On the hill the light and stir beneath the Norwood and Streatham stages shone very cheeringly across the valley. But to-night he had come to the ridge—the northern limit his regulations set him—for no simple longing of solitude. He had followed the phases of the revolt with some keenness; he had heard of the further troubles brewing between Ostrog and the people, the attempt at disarmament, and the sudden interference of the Sleeper on the popular side; and now, as the night drew on, the London sky showed an unwonted red. He knew that a section of the negro police had come to Paris, that there were threats of their use in London. His blood grew hot at the thought of a negro control, but his discipline was strict; one must not quarrel with one's food, so that he was out on the hill-side, one of that great host of men which counts for nothing in the world's affairs.

He rode his horse slowly up the hill towards the crest where the regiments of the wind-wheels were wont to groan and beat. But night, against the bright deep blue of the northeast, came out black and clear-cut, and, ominously, expectantly still. The clearness of the night promised a frost, and the horseman shivered as he rode.

Towards the crest the horse stumbled, and the man spoke. In another moment, between the supports of two of the wheels, the flying-stage of Norwood rose over the brow, with a greenish glare behind its lace of stays, and a red light on its westward side. He rode straight towards this, through the deep twilight between the supports. In a few minutes he was clear of the wheels on the farther side, and the dense spire of flame-shot smoke that rose from the burning of Streatham came into view. He gave a startled exclamation, drew rein, and sat watching. All about the stages London was red, and reeking with the smoke and steam of war. The small southwest wind-vanes came out black against the smoky glare of Streatham—the reflection, he judged, of an incandescence upon vast volumes of smoke or steam. He knit his brows, and presently dropped his bridle, and sat looking through the frame of his hands in order to concentrate his attention. He knew nothing of warfare; had never heard or read of the old days; knew, indeed, little of anything save the routine of his duties; but he could not but see these appearances indicated some vast struggle in the city.

"Still fighting," he said; "still fighting. War—war. How will it end? How can it end? They are bound to win—bound to win."

"Bound to win," he repeated, after an interval. "They have flying. They can bring their damned niggers. I wonder how it will feel to take one's orders from a nigger? 'Git—ye white trash!' I know 'em."

He cursed Ostrog with swift passion, shook his bridle, and turning eastward, rode through the stands and stays to a wide vacant space, from which a southward view was obtainable. The after-glow of the southern sky above the crenellations of the downland wind-vanes was clear and empty.

Presently he came back to his original position, and scarcely had the city come up over the brow before he perceived something was happening on the flying-stage at Roehampton. The twilight and a thin haze rendered everything doubtful, but that stage was brightly lit, and he was presently almost assured that an aeropile was being flung into the air. Then he was sure, for he saw the little speck soar clear of the hills against the brightness of the lower sky, and curve round upward and westward, dark and clear, and grow smaller and smaller, until at last it trembled out of sight.

His gaze returned to the city. Presently came a speck of light above the smoke, and for a moment he saw an aeropile whose wing had caught the light of the flames. It was flying with stiff wings, as a rook flies down the southwest wind, and in a minute it had gone beyond the light. His eye, dazzled by the ridges and masses of glare, could not follow it into the dark. For a time he remained straining his eyes, and then came a little thing, a little oblong patch of black, that shot down very swiftly across the outward glare of the city and vanished again. He dropped his hands. "That's an aeropile gone down," he said. "Edge down. Can it be—?"

He lifted his framing hands again.

"They would never dare—"

He looked long and earnestly, but he saw no more aeropiles.

The horseman remained motionless for a long time in the deepening twilight. It came into his mind that he could hear voices and the beat of engines. These aerial voices grew louder and louder. Suddenly the black bushes and dusky slopes before him jumped into a pallid clearness, almost as if a magnesium rocket had burst in mid-heaven. The voices rose to shouts. He looked up, startled.

The first of Ostrog's air-ships, a vast and stately frame, brightly lit from stem to stern, so that it seemed an air-ship of woven moonshine, came into view beyond the black contours of the wind-vanes and drove swiftly down the sky towards the distant city. It was flying very low, and all aboard were gesticulating and shouting. Then, like flames of lightning, another and another came into view, shining swift shapes, each crowded with multitudes of shouting men.

He groaned aloud, for he knew that with them they carried weapons and fomile, and the destruction of all hopes of freedom for the beleaguered revolt. East and west came others, and their shouting fell in gusts.

He groaned aloud at the sight of them. "There they go," he said. "Yelling devils! There they go! They'll teach the fools who's master! They'll—"

He stopped in mid-sentence.

The sound was a shriek of fear and anguish from a thousand throats, that changed to a splintering crash, and the thud of a near explosion. And all about him shone a glare that threw up the nearer wind-vanes as inky shapes and made the night suddenly very dark. And so low it scarcely cleared the wind-vanes that crested the hill, so close that he could hear the throb, throb, throb, pause, throb, throb, throb, pause, of its engine, like the beating heart of a living thing, rushed the dark shape of an aeropile overhead, passed like some busy twilight owl, and soared up into the sky among the whirling, unwieldy aeroplanes that now tore in a disorderly stream across the sky, clearing the stem of one, as it seemed, by just a hair's-breadth.

He saw nothing of the collision that flamed down the westward sky, of the strange beacons that were flaring up in the southward country. He stared at the ominous little shape, too astonished to think, until it had dwindled to a speck, and then looking back to the eastward whence that cry of headlong downfall had come, saw over the tops of the still wind-vanes a stream of fire pouring up into the twilight.

"But they are fighting," he cried; "fighting in the air!"

He clapped spurs to his horse, and in a moment had come out upon a projecting headland along the hill-brow, from which the base of the flame could be seen. It had seemed near because it was so great, but now he perceived that it was some miles off amidst the Bromley Hills. Two of the three wind-wheels that capped that rise had been overthrown, and the third was spinning slowly. The aeroplane lay in a smashed heap, with the gaunt ribs of one broken vane pointing heavenward, and the flames shining through the translucent material between the bars of its skeleton.

"No wonder!" said the horseman, slowly. "No wonder the other poor devils were screaming and shouting! It's like a ferret among rabbits."

He turned his eyes slowly back to the flying-stages, and saw that only one of the aeroplanes had descended, that the others had swept howling across the city.

He watched the flying fleet of aeroplanes dwindle and fade. He sat like a figure of bronze, albeit the dew was falling. From the dark valley below a wild-cat wailed.

Suddenly he became aware of two little black shapes overhead, circling one above the other, and hardly had he seen them when the ground swayed, and ten seconds after he heard a heavy report. His horse started, and as he quieted it came a second shock and the thud of a nearer explosion, and a tower of smoke and flame flashed into being from out the Norwood stage that the people had just destroyed.

It was ten seconds, perhaps, before he looked up again, and when he did so he cried out. Overhead was something that changed its shape rapidly and grew swiftly larger. Flap, flap, it went, like a thing that twisted over and over as it fell. In an instant he understood, clapped spurs to his restive horse, and went leaping down the slope. He heard the aeropiles smash behind him, and for a time he galloped on. At last he came round in a wide sweep and stopped. He sat for a moment staring at the flaring destruction upon the hill-crest.

Then he slipped from his plunging horse, and leaving him to gallop as he would, ran as fast as his boots and spurs would permit through the bracken up the hill again, towards the black heap that had heaved once and now lay still.

As he drew near he saw that the two aeropiles were still locked together, even as they had fallen through the air. Free of the heap he came upon something—a heap of clothing and limbs, pallid under the night, a gray head, a dark clutching hand extended on the turf. Beyond, among the smashed vanes, lay a second human form.

He glanced at the first of these two men—a gray-haired man, lying face downward, hesitated a minute, and ran shivering to the other. The second victim lay across a rib of the broken vane with his body twisted. Two little threads of blood ran from his nostrils into his grizzled mustache, but his upturned face had escaped injury, and in the white glare of the distant aeroplane it showed set and calm, and his eyes were open and steady. He was richly clad, and not in the black uniform of the Council aeronauts.

The shepherd stared at the man, not conceiving he could have survived this terrible downfall, and suddenly the mangled body writhed, and the expression of the face changed.

"Good God!" cried the shepherd. "The man is alive!" He ran forward and knelt among the wreckage, ejaculating vague helpfulness, but fearing to touch the crushed body. He saw the lips of the man were moving, and, suddenly motionless and intent, heard faint fragments of speech, heard a name he could not catch. Then the name was repeated, and he perceived that it was "Helen."

For a time the shepherd could distinguish nothing further because the accent was strange. Then he heard two words. "Meet," muttered the dying man. "Wáke and meet."

His breathing became labored. His head nodded and fell forward; his eyes closed. His face softened, and the touch of pain vanished from his lips.

Presently the shepherd rose to his feet and stood listening to an unfamiliar sound—the thudding of great guns. Then he saw, low down in the sky to the eastward, the red shapes of aeroplanes streaming southward to the place from which they had come.

THE END.

The RECONSTRUCTION *of* CUBA

By Franklin Matthews

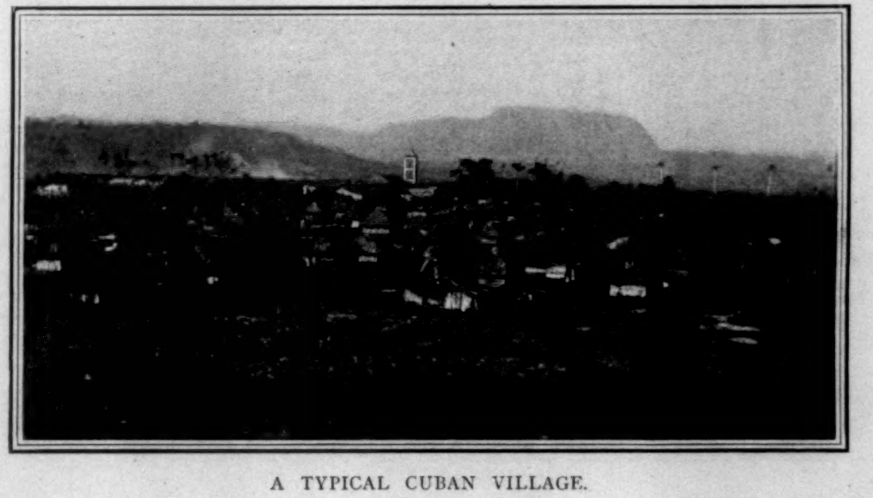
LIBERTY
&
JUSTICE

VII.

THE CUBA OF TO-DAY—THE POLITICAL AND INDUSTRIAL SITUATION—THE FUTURE

THE saying that Havana is not Cuba was never more true than at present. The war left few scars in Havana and in the other cities of the island (not including Santiago), except as are revealed in graveyard records, and in the applicants at military stations for food. In the country the war spread a blanket of devastation. As one goes over the island on railroad train or in volante or on horseback, there is evidence on every side that the war was one of torch and famine rather than of powder and shot. The island is simply desolate. It is a pitiful sight.

Outside of cities of impressive architecture, and of towns and villages of huddling hovels, the country, except for a few miles around the cities of Santa Clara and Pinar del Rio, is bare of men and beasts, and almost bare of birds. The traveller even sees few flowers. Fruit trees were cut down and destroyed as a war measure. The fertile ground is rank with vegetation. Although the Spaniards had gone and the horrors of reconcentration were over, the people would not return to the country in the first few months of American control. There were no huts there; no seed, and no tools with which to till the soil; no cattle, without which agricultural work cannot be done in Cuba; no food; and so they staid in towns and villages, worked in tobacco-fields and on sugar-plantations adjacent to cities and towns, under guard, ate what they could get, and wondered what the future would bring forth.



A TYPICAL CUBAN VILLAGE.

If there is one sight more pitiful in Cuba than any other, it is the women in black. Frequent as they are in Havana, where perhaps in some remote part of the city they even venture to hold out their hands to you as you pass—women of refined appearance, too—the women in widow's weeds are the commonest sight in the small towns and cities. It is hard to tell where they got their mourning garments. It is no exaggeration to say that of a dozen women on a street in any Cuban village nine will be in mourning. And their faces sad with grief and thin with hunger even months after the war had ceased!

But there was a look of hope in the eyes of most of the widows—a forlorn hope, however, in many cases. The maidens early in the year were becoming cheerful, and as one went through the streets he heard occasionally snatches of a song they sung. It was one song, one tune, almost invariably. It was the Cuban National Hymn. The significance of that? Truly it is something for the United States, engaged in the work of reconstruction, to find out; as truly as is the meaning of thousands upon thousands of Cuban flags flying from huts all over the island—flags that it took bread to buy.

And then there was still a brighter side to the picture—the laughter of children. I remember that three days after the reporters reached the scene of the Johnstown flood one of them began his story, "The dogs are barking again in Johnstown," meaning that normal conditions were returning. So I might say of Cuba, the children are laughing and playing again. One could hear their shouts everywhere. On the streets and open spaces it was "One Strike," "Foul," "Third base," "Slide," as they played baseball furiously, and used American terms exclusively. At night, in the plazas of the cities, they played the Cuban game for ring-around-a-rosy to the music of American military bands. It was one of the commonest sights in Matanzas to see an American soldier trailing through the streets with two or three children, perhaps one perched on his shoulders, trading English for Spanish words. The Spanish soldiers struck the children. Some of them the Spaniards maimed out of pure wantonness. The American soldiers coddled them, played with them, and everywhere you went it was "Good-by," meaning "How do you do?" from the lips of the children when they recognized you as an American, and your hand stole into your pocket for pennies instinctively.

Never shall I forget how I was stumbling about a gloomy street in Matanzas, looking for General James H. Wilson's palace—I had lost my way—when an urchin of eight loomed up right in front of me and halted me.

"Good-by!" he said.

"Good-by!" I replied.

"Good-night!" he said.

"Good-night!" I said.

Then taking off his cap, the lad swung it in the air, and cried, "Dree cheer for de red, white, and blue!"

Lukewarm as I had tried to be about annexation, I could have caught that boy in my arms and hugged him, had he not darted away in a burst of merriment.

As one goes through the island and catches glimpses of block-houses surrounding every settlement, big and little, and as his eye lights upon the enlarged graveyards in every village and town, some idea of the horrors of the kind of war that was practised in Cuba comes to his mind. I must have seen seventy-five graveyards on my trip in the various provinces, and I remember only one that was not enlarged because of the famine of the war. Major-General James H. Wilson told me that the story of the horrors of reconcentration had been only partly told. It was far worse than the people of the United States had believed. The pen of a trained historian alone can do that story of death by famine and military wantonness justice. Competent judges assert that the island is nearly 200,000 men short. In most of the provinces the birth-rate is less than one-half of what it was before the war. The island was stripped of cattle. In Matanzas, the province chiefly given to the cattle-raising industry, there were 298,000 cattle, according to a census, in 1894. When the war ceased there were fewer than 9000 cattle in the province—a region that could support 1,000,000 cattle with ease.

And yet the sunshine of prosperity was breaking through the clouds. One could see in the distances, especially in the provinces of Pinar del Rio and Matanzas, the smoke of numerous charcoal-burners. These pillars of smoke had taken the place of the smoke of war. They suggested only by contrast the burning of towns and villages and plantations. At railroad stations children and women held out their hands in mute appeals for charity, but that was a vast improvement upon the scenes of burials by the hundreds and thousands because of starvation. Here and there, through the blanket of devastation spread by war, the crops were springing up. This was especially true for a dozen miles around the city of Santa Clara, almost exactly in the centre of the island, and in the district immediately surrounding the town of Pinar del Rio, the centre of the tobacco-growing industry. Although railroad stations and bridges were destroyed, and in many cases entire towns were burned, and although the tangled wrecks of twisted iron and charred timbers of sugar factories confronted one frequently, gaunt spectres of the war and companion pictures in the scene of ruin to the enlarged graveyards, here and there could be seen early in March the smoke of returned business activity pouring from the chimney of a sugar-central, preserved from destruction only by bribing both Spaniards and Cubans, or by the vigilance of an armed force raised to protect the central at enormous cost, in many cases of considerable bloodshed as well. On many freight sidings carloads of sugar-cane could be seen, their destination being the grinding-mill. Fields of tobacco were spreading their beautiful green mantle in the western end of the island. It was estimated that about one-half of a normal crop was being raised of both of these staples, upon which, especially sugar, the life of Cuba depends. When the cane-fields grow full and strong again, and when the grinding-wheels of sugar-centrals are turning at their utmost capacity, then will prosperity again smile on the Pearl of the Antilles. Although it was dreary to see the great stretches of unoccupied fertile country, land as rich as can be found anywhere, it was a satisfaction to realize that the worst was over and that the upbuilding process had actually begun. The country was in a passive state. There was practically no crime and no disorder in the land. The condition of Cuba was that of a person restored to consciousness after being stunned, but with scarcely more than enough strength to totter about.

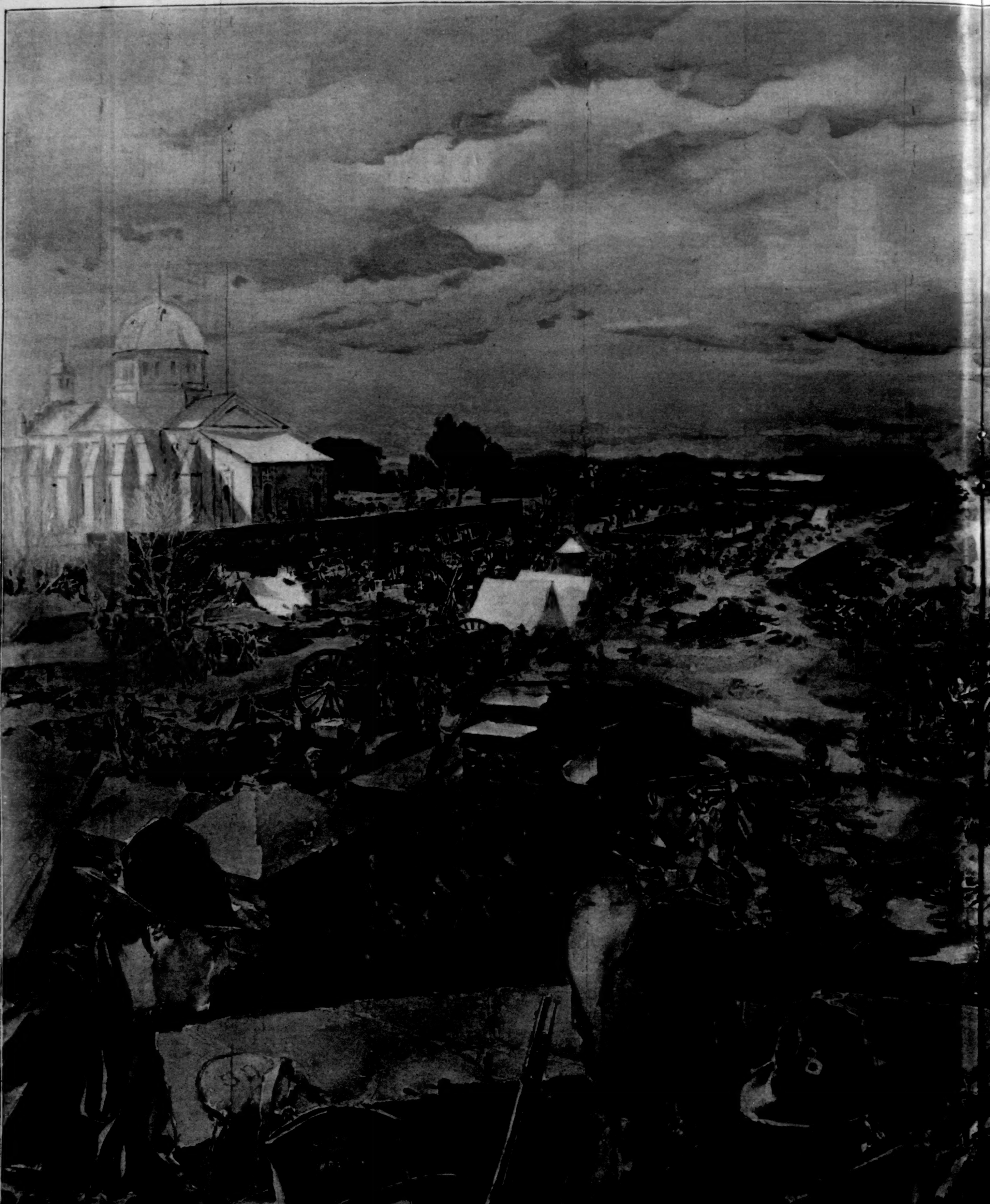
The irresistible conviction is soon forced upon the student of the situation in Cuba that what the island needs most is men and money. Involved in the problem of securing them is the larger problem of the political future of the country. The normal increase in the population cannot supply the island's need of men for many, many years. Immigrants, such as can endure the climate and can work to advantage in it, must come probably from the Canary Islands, or from Italy, rather than from the Southern States of this country. The tide of needed immigration, however, will not set toward Cuban shores until there is reasonable assurance of the protection of human life; and capital, always timid, will not seek investment there until there is a full guarantee from destruction or from serious injury.

The passive state of Cuba was due in some degree to its commercial and political prostration, but to a greater degree probably to the military occupation there. In all the large cities the United States army was in control. In every small town and in every village the Cuban soldiers were in charge. Whatever may have been the actions of the Cuban soldiers in and about Santiago during the campaign there, little reasonable fault can be found with them after the Spaniards went home. They moved right into the towns and villages, preserved the peace invariably, and brought about a condition of order. They worked in perfect harmony with our forces after they arrived, and their commanders detailed their men in accordance with suggestions from our generals and military governors. They worked without pay, and they got their food and clothing as best they could. They practised no tyranny, and showed no spirit of hostility to American occupation.

Many were the complaints because they did not throw down their arms and go to work when the island needed laborers sorely, but there was another side to that. They had been fighting for three years, with little food and clothing, in their own peculiar kind of warfare—a warfare that our rank and file could neither understand nor appreciate—and they were still under orders from their superiors. To throw down their arms would have been a form of desertion, and at a time when there was prospect of receiving a gift of money from the United States—money that was absolutely necessary to start most of them in life again. If there was any fault to be found with the Cuban army, it was with the mysterious increase of about 20,000 in its numbers, and the Cubans themselves showed that they were not lacking in humor as they referred to these so-called soldiers as the "veterans of 1899." As one saw these Cuban soldiers patrolling at railroad stations, doing guard duty at sugar factories, going through the country with American officers on hunts for bandits that swooped down into towns occasionally and stole horses, a sense of respect for them was uppermost, despite

WAR'S RUIN AT COLISEO, TWENTY-TWO MILES EAST OF MATANZAS.

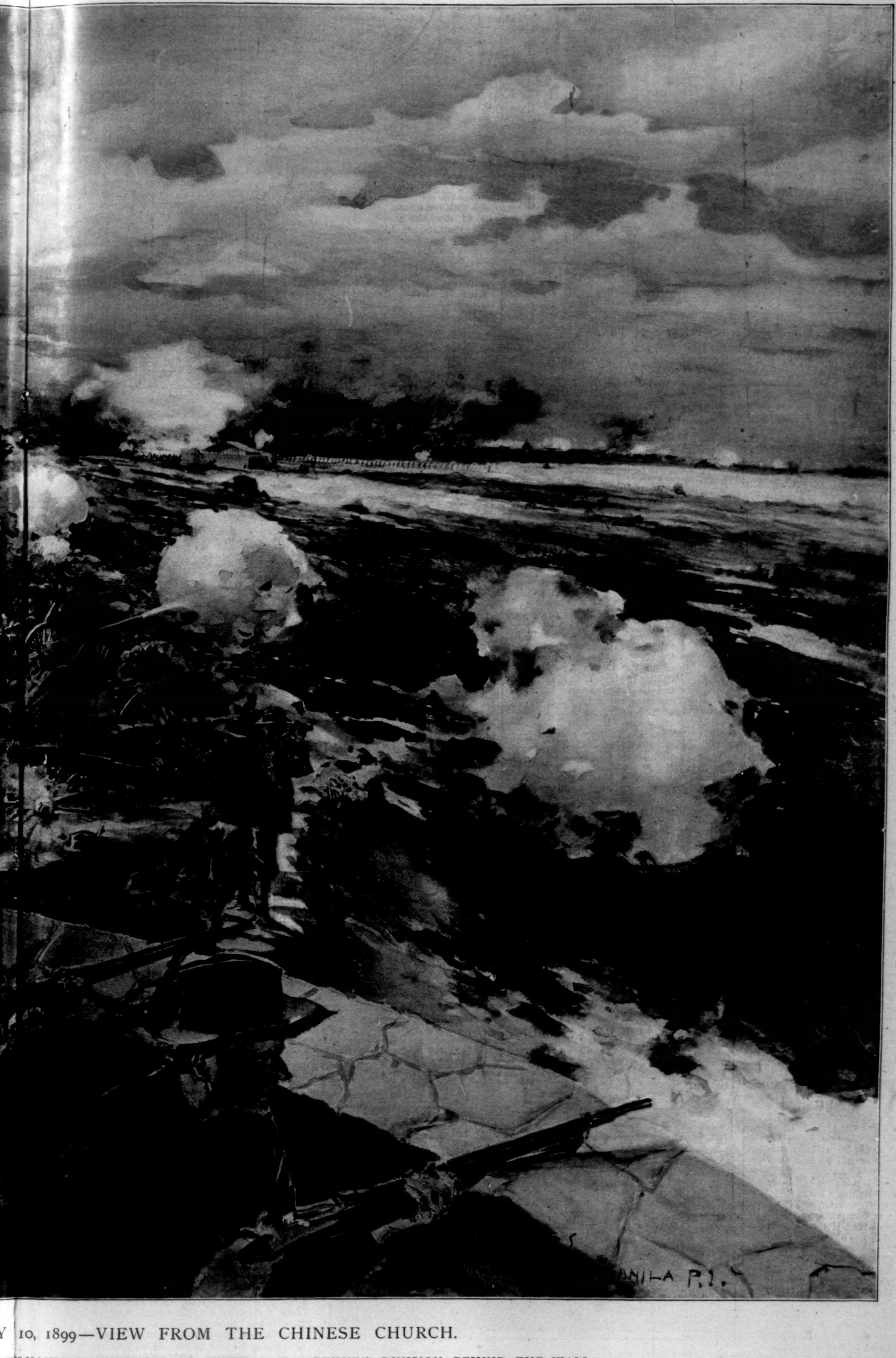
Major-General Arthur MacArthur on inner Wall, to Right of Church.



THE BATTLE BEFORE CALOOCAN, FEBRUARY

BATTERY OF UTAH ARTILLERY IN THE MIDDLE FOREGROUND; THE 10TH PENNSYL

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY G. W. PETERS, SPECIAL ARTIST



Y 10, 1899—VIEW FROM THE CHINESE CHURCH.

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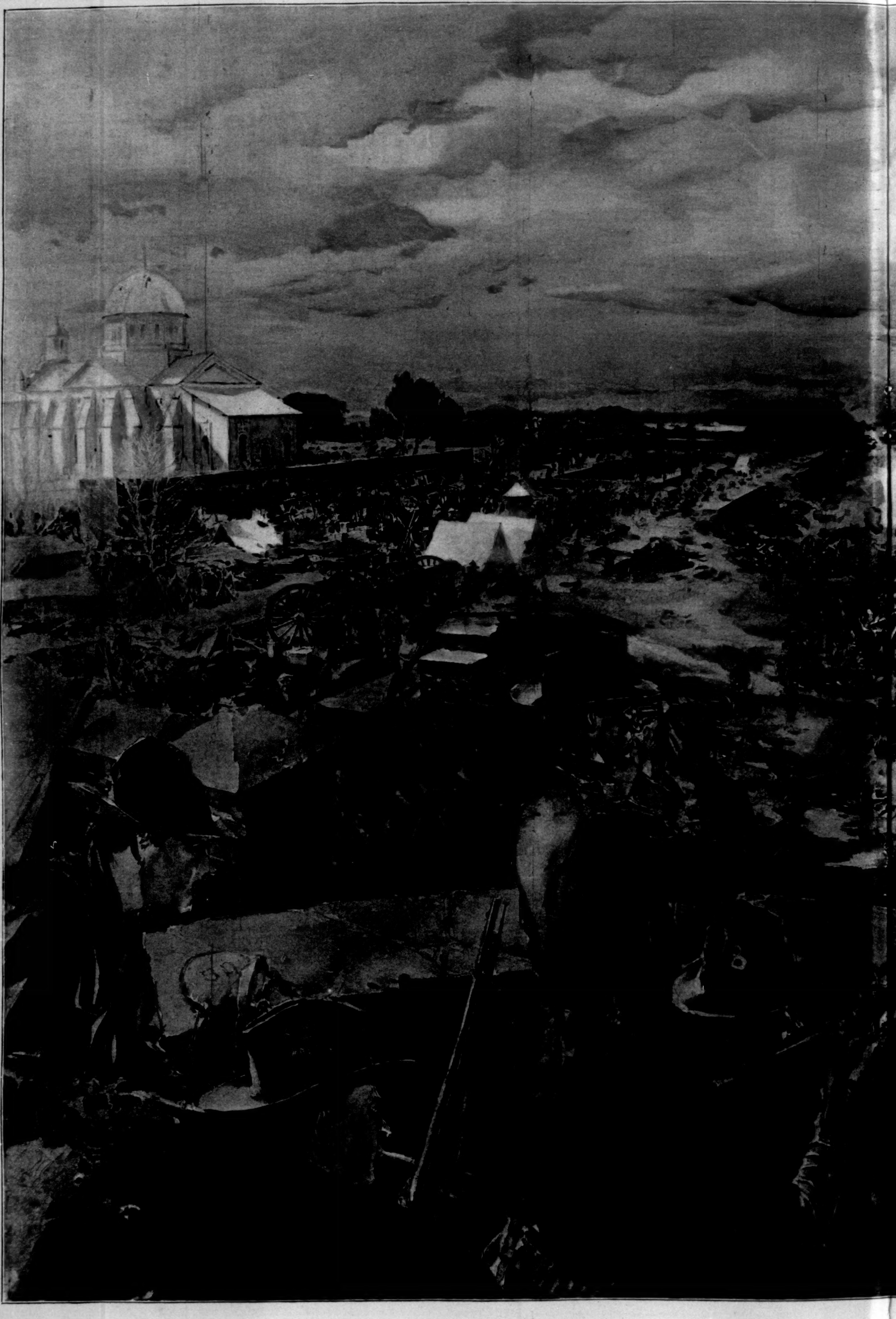

Major-General Arthur MacArthur on inner Wall, to Right of Church.

THE BATTLE BEFORE CALOOCAN, FEBRUARY

BATTERY OF UTAH ARTILLERY IN THE MIDDLE FOREGROUND; THE 10TH PENNSY

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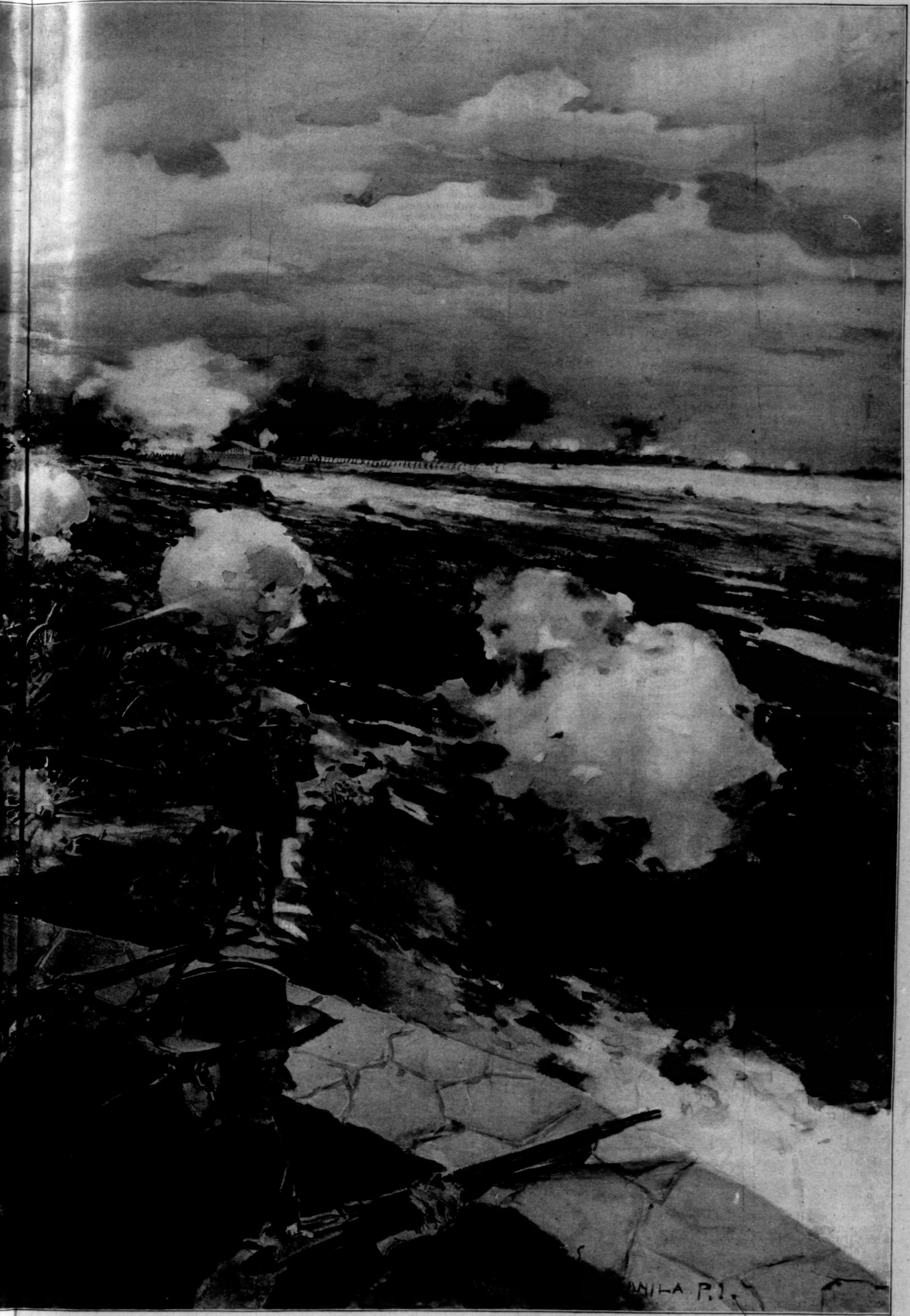


Y 10, 1899—VIEW FROM THE CHINESE CHURCH.

SYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS, OF GENERAL MACARTHUR'S DIVISION, BEHIND THE WALL.

TIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN THE PHILIPPINES.

A ROYAL PALM-TREE AND BLOCK-HOUSE NEAR MATANZAS.

the sneers that one heard from many Americans who based their judgment upon the episodes around Santiago. I could not but think that perhaps the Cuban soldiers had been as much misunderstood as the Cuban people had been by many of our people, who referred to them with contempt as "Dagoes," and I recalled the words of Mr. E. G. Rathbone, our Director of Posts in Cuba, who has had unusual opportunities for the observation of the masses there, and who said to me, with the privilege of quoting him:

"The people of the United States have a wrong impression of the Cubans. They are kind, gentle, tractable, and easy to get along with. By kindness you can do anything in the world with them. I have studied them closely, and that is my belief."

Whatever may have been their personal opinions as to the future of Cuba, not one of our generals swerved in the least from making it plain to the people that our occupation was to be only temporary. I know whereof I write, for I talked fully and freely with every one of our major-generals in the island, with one exception, but I am not at liberty to quote their words. Major-General Wilson, in Matanzas, publicly made a declaration to this effect, however, on several occasions. He held to the strict letter of the resolutions passed by Congress, which declared:

> That the United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control over said island, *except for the pacification thereof*, and asserts its determination, when that is accomplished, to leave the government and control of the island to its people.

"We are here as pacificators," General Wilson has said repeatedly, and it was in accordance with this idea that in the latter part of January, while making a tour through the province of Matanzas, he said, in an address to some school-children, that he hoped the boys would grow up to be good and smart men, and that some day one of them might become president of the republic of Cuba.

I know that Governor-General Brooke in the early part of his administration earnestly hoped, and bent every energy to the end, that an occupation of only a few months might be necessary, and it is no secret that he would have liked to bring the entire American army home from Cuba before the rainy season should set in. I am not betraying any confidence when I say that he held the opinion that if Cuba should ever become part of the United States it must be through the open and declared request of the people of the island, with a unanimity of purpose and sentiment behind the request. I know that Major-General Bates held that the one way for the Cubans to secure self-government was to co-operate with our forces to the fullest in the absolute restoration of peace and tranquillity, so that the United States troops might be sent home at the earliest opportunity. I know that Major-General Lee felt that he was in Cuba simply as a soldier. I am positive that Major-General Ludlow, while desirous of carrying out his great task of cleaning up Havana—a task involving more than a year's labor, even with the utmost expedition—personally would have welcomed orders that would have taken our troops out of the island, on the proof that Cuba was able to take care of herself. The administration of Major-General Wood in Santiago has indicated freely and openly that he was in accord with these views.

And yet the United States forces still remain in the island, and no one can tell when they will leave. Outwardly the island is pacified. The younger army officers made no secret of their desire to leave the place. There was not an officer of thought, however, who did not hold the opinion that if the United States troops should go home anarchy at once would break out.

"We have pacified the island," said one colonel to me; "now let us go home."

"Yes," said another colonel, "and if we should go home, our transports would be lighted out of the harbor, if they should sail at night, by the flames of anarchy; but that is none of our business."

From a thorough study of the situation I am convinced that what the officers said about anarchy is true. Our major-generals know it, and if they should speak their minds freely they would probably say that unless the United States want to stand before the bar of the nations of the world convicted of leaving a condition of affairs worse than the horrors of war that existed in Cuba before they went there, it will be not only one year, but two years, and probably three, before our troops leave the island. "Except for the pacification thereof," the resolutions of Congress read. The administration has been compelled to interpret that clause as meaning the *permanent pacification thereof*, and in the full meaning of that interpretation, no matter what the real purposes of the administration are, lies the future of the island of Cuba.

And now let me speak frankly on the subject of annexation. I went to Cuba with the earnest purpose of obtaining any material that would be of service in controverting expansionist ideas, and that would justify the advocacy of a prompt relinquishment of the island to its own people. This is what I found: Every person of the pro-Spanish class, those who sympathized with Spain and hoped she would defeat the revolutionists, wants the United States to retain control of the island. Only in such control do they see any hope of safety for themselves and for their property. The merchants of the islands, almost without exception, want American control, because only in that way do they see any assurance of stability in commerce, and any hope of the full development of the business possibilities of the island. The peasants and laborers, the men who have lived in huts in the country and in hovels in the cities, care only for peace. They want to be let alone. They have been starved and harried and driven about. They are ignorant, they do not know what free institutions mean, but they want the kind of government that will leave them undisturbed by terror, and give them freedom to work and toil, and that will fill no more graveyards with their numbers.

It was only the members of the Cuban army and the members of the Cuban Military Assembly and their immediate sympathizers, so far as I could find, who wanted complete independence for the island. There were many earnest and honest men in the Cuban Assembly. Patriots, in the truest sense, could be found among them. They were not strictly a representative body. One of them said to me—a man who had proved his courage and devotion by heroism that few men would have displayed.

"We want independence for a year or a year and a half. By that time it will become evident that we cannot maintain a national equipment, and, as a natural course, we shall ask the United States to save us from ourselves."

TYPICAL PEASANT'S HOUSE, OUTSKIRTS OF MATANZAS.

If I should give that man's name it would startle the other members of the Assembly. On every hand it was admitted that the members of that body were men who would like to become presidents, generals, governors, foreign ministers, and the intimation was not lacking that the opportunity to profit, as the Spaniards had done, by means of the agency of governmental power was not missing among the hopes of a few of them. They were denounced by many as political adventurers, and in a sense they were, but there were many honest men among them who believed that Cuba could govern herself, and in that belief they were upheld by the pronounced attitude of General Gomez, whose actions recently seem to indicate that he has changed his mind. Early in the year it was clear to every mind that Gomez was the key to the situation. The Assembly even recognized it. A foreigner, he had fought in two wars for Cuba, because he loved liberty and he hated Spain, which once he served. After he resigned, at the request of the Assembly, because he was not a Cuban and had no right to dictate to Cubans, he remained the key to the situation. I met him in Cienfuegos while he was on his tour of triumph through the island. He was ill, and could scarcely stand more than a few minutes, but there was that spirit of command in his eye and voice, and that moderation and conservatism in his language, that impressed one as being the characteristics of the statesman as well as of the crafty soldier. He was suspicious and reserved in manner, but as he talked with members of his staff in my presence on the duties of the citizen to the community, his voice grew louder and louder, and rang throughout the rooms of the club where he was stopping with the resonance of a commander on the field. He asked me not to quote what he said to me, but not in the class-room of the university have I ever heard more profound philosophy as to the duties of a man toward his fellow-man, or heard words that had a more sincere ring of personal disinterestedness, than those he uttered in an excited voice in that club-room. In an active experience of fifteen years as a newspaper man I have never met a man who was so impressive at first sight as a statesman, in the broadest sense, and as a lover of liberty, as Maximo Gomez. Our government recognized the situation when it dealt with him as to the payment of the $3,000,000 gift to the Cuban army. In his attitude probably will lie the fuller solution of the great Cuban problem.

I should have liked to express a conviction that the Cuban Assembly could set up a stable government, but it is my firm belief that that body took its first step toward final extinction on the day of General Garcia's funeral in Havana. In fact, its members seemed at that time to try to commit political suicide over the body of their former chief. They abandoned his corpse on the street and left him to be buried by the United States authorities because they could not have the place they wanted in the funeral procession. They said that General Brooke had insulted and slighted them. He did nothing of the kind, as I shall show in another chapter of this series. He really knew nothing of what was going on. He sat in his carriage, and a man came to him and asked him if it was his desire that his staff should go with him, and General Brooke naturally said it was, and that was all there was about it so far as General Brooke was concerned. Some of the men who were at Garcia's death-bed were among those who abandoned the body. They made that worst of all scenes—a row at a funeral. They wanted, undoubtedly, the political distinction of being the preferred mourners in a great spectacular pageant in a city hostile to them, and when they thought they were slighted they acted like children.

"Why did you do it?" I asked one of the leaders that night, when all Havana was excited and it seemed as if the town would burst into a riot. "It will hurt you with our people. There is nothing Americans dislike more than a scene at a funeral," I added.

"We made a mistake," he said, with only a slight show of resentment, "but we showed one thing." His eyes kindled as he spoke. "We showed that we controlled the Cuban army, for every soldier withdrew at our order."

The only response to that was a silent nod of assent. The Assembly delegate saw its meaning, and with spirit he added:

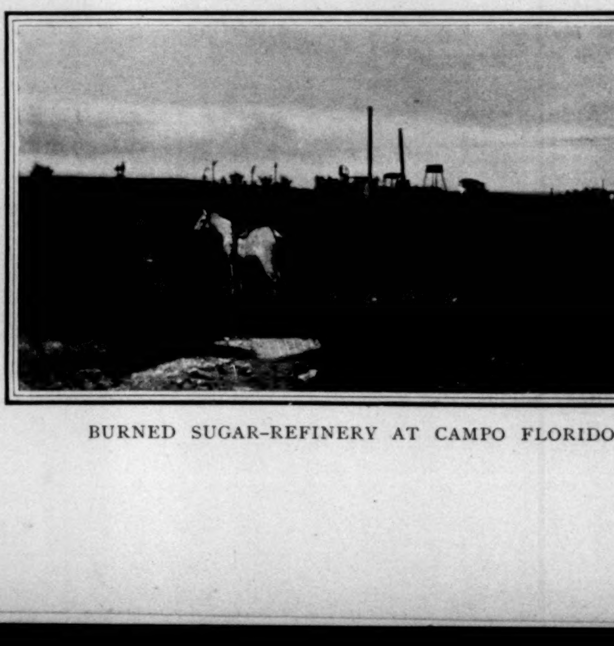
"You do not believe we are capable of governing ourselves. You surely will not misrepresent us to the American people. There is no one else to govern if we do not."

"I wish, for your own sakes," I replied, "that you could have shown qualities of self-restraint. How can you govern without that?"

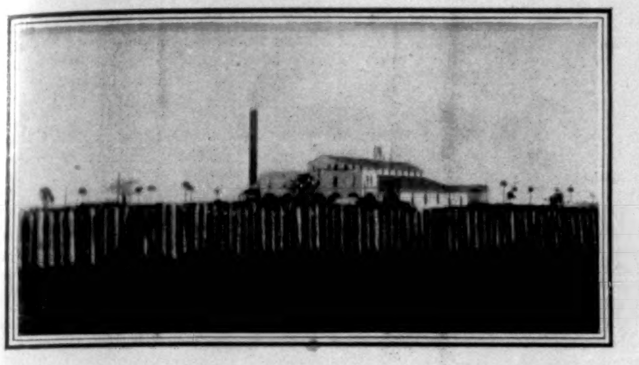
"We are willing to give the United States complete control of every kind, except political annexation. You may annex us commercially—that is what we want; but we also want independence—in name at least."

"In other words, you want the offices and the opportunities of office," was the reply, and he acquiesced.

My mind went back to a Cuban colonel whom I met in Santa Clara with Major John A. Logan, whom he was assisting in establishing a temporary rural police of Cuban soldiers. The young colonel spoke English fluently. With vehemence he declared that there were only two Americans on the island who understood the situation. One of them, he said, was Major Logan; I have forgotten who the other man was. This Cuban colonel denounced General Bates openly because General Bates had kept Spanish officials in office. He said that it was all that he and his companions could do to prevent an uprising. General



BURNED SUGAR-REFINERY AT CAMPO FLORIDO.



SUGAR-REFINERY IN OPERATION LATE IN FEBRUARY.

Bates had told him to his face, he declared, that he wanted trained men in office, and he was not sure that the Cubans would be as satisfactory as those he had retained. So violent did he become in his denunciation that I turned to Major Logan and said:

"I think we are not going to have an easy time in pacifying this country. Haven't you found indications of a desire for revenge here and there?"

"Revenge, did you say?" inquired the colonel, as he sprang to his feet and pounded the table. "Revenge? Revenge? No! We want simple justice!"

I hope I do that man no wrong, but I want to say that if I were a former Spanish official and a personal enemy of that young man, I would not be willing to trust myself out of the sight of other men in his presence. He showed plainly that his ideas of patriotism at that time were limited by public office as to their horizon.

There can be no mistake about it, the war fever is still in the blood of that people, so frightfully wronged and outraged by Spain. I do not blame them for it. It is intensely natural and human; but it is there, and the United States must take account of it. And what is of more importance, perhaps, this country must also take account of the women in black and the enlarged graveyards. The meaning of the tens of thousands of Cuban flags flying from huts, I confess, I failed to understand fully. Whether they meant rejoicing because the Spaniards had gone, or a mere natural love of one's native land, or a simple gladness because the war was over, or a deeper feeling of devotion to the country—a devotion that meant strife with us to secure full freedom from foreign domination—only the future can tell. Those who displayed them were invariably silent as to their meaning.

It was no secret that a large amount of what hostility there was to a long-time American occupation came from the women. The women have suffered most in Cuba. Theirs is the burden of the present and the future. The limits of grief, especially a woman's grief, may not be bounded geometrically. Here are extracts from some notes taken by General Wilson in a tour through his province, which he kindly permitted me to examine:

> Santanilla.—About 800 widows, girls, and helpless children left without male support.
>
> Jaguey Grande.—About 550 destitute widows, besides 850 destitute women and children.
>
> Las Cabezas.—There are now about 300 widows and their families; total destitute, from 700 to 1000.
>
> Bolondron.—About 450 women and children without male support.
>
> Corral Falso.—About 100 widows and 400 orphans.

And so the list might be extended to town after town. Remember, this was the situation in small towns, mere villages, and only in one province.

Here are some notes taken by General Wilson as to the conduct of the Spanish soldiers:

> Las Cabezas.—After the people had planted and raised crops the Spanish soldiers would not permit them to gather them, but took from them, and also stole everything they had—cattle, cows, and chickens.
>
> Bolondron.—Spanish soldiers stole everything in sight, and told council to pay for it.
>
> Jaguey Grande.—Eight hundred Spanish troops here for eighteen months; left 28th of November; went to Matanzas; they robbed the people of everything they possessed—poultry, live-stock, vegetables, fruits—everything.
>
> Cuevitas.—Spanish troops left here on December 17. They stole everything they could find every night; even broke into houses.
>
> Cumanayagua.—About 800 to 1000 Spanish troops left here on December 11; they stole right and left—everything and everybody.
>
> Macagua.—The Spanish soldiers behaved in the blackest and worst manner. When travelling by train and they saw a herd of cattle, the train would be stopped, such quantity as they needed for use would be killed, and the remainder ruthlessly shot and left lying along the track.

And that feature of Spanish conduct could be extended indefinitely. Let me make two more quotations from these notes, jotted down roughly now and then:

> Nobody seems to have yet understood how far-reaching was the effort of General Weyler to starve the Cuban people. He took occasion to send to every town a garrison whose business it was to sweep in all the cattle and other live-stock, and consume it, as well as the garden products; and also to destroy the bananas in the field, leaving the people absolutely without anything to eat or the liberty to procure more by cultivation or purchase.
>
> In explanation of the fact that no farm-houses are to be seen, General Betancourt says that while the custom of the people used to be to live in the country, the war resulted in the burning and destruction of all the houses, and the people were all forced into the towns.

To illustrate the causes for deep resentment on the part of the Cubans who are left, and the possible desire for revenge on Spanish sympathizers, let me relate an incident of an aggravated kind told to me by an American missionary, and vouched for by him as correct, as the result of personal investigation. Just before the reconcentration order went into effect in Santa Clara, a Spanish lieutenant and a detachment rode out into the country one morning. They passed a peasant who, the lieutenant thought, did not show him sufficient respect.

"Tie that man up!" said the lieutenant. After that was done he said, "Bring out his wife and his daughter there."

The soldiers did so. The girl was fourteen years old. Then by orders the soldiers began to hack at the man with their machetes. The woman fainted. They revived her; and then, as the missionary told it, "it was hack and faint, hack and faint, until the man was killed." The detachment went on, and the widow the next day came to town to ask permission to give her husband's body decent burial in town. The Spanish authorities were very sympathetic, and even gave her written permission to do as she wished. The next day the lieutenant and detachment came back, just as the widow went for the body.

"What did they do with the body of that man killed here yesterday?" asked the officer.

"Here is his widow," said a man who was acting as escort, "and she has written permission to give the body burial."

"That is the way they treat me, is it?" said the lieutenant. "Tie the woman up! Tie up her daughter!"

Looking at the woman closely, he said, with a refinement of cruelty that probably only a Spaniard could show: "There will soon be another Cuban to take that man's place. Kill her and her daughter!" and they did.

That was an extremely aggravated case, but it could be matched with others. All I have to say about it is that if that woman has any relatives left, and if they have no desire to clutch some one's throat, they must be strangely put together.

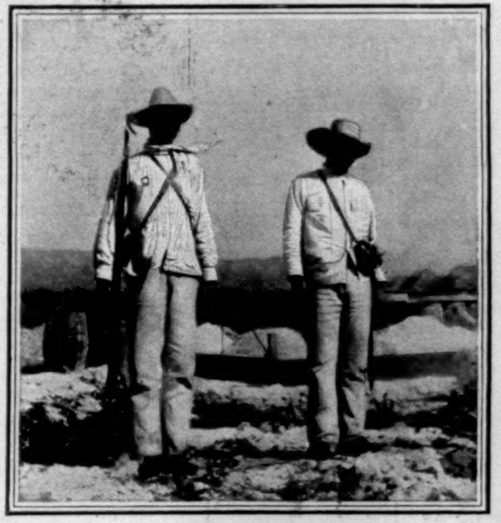
And so, to conclude this topic, I was forced to believe that ninety per cent. of the people in the island of Cuba want annexation to this country; that the war fever is still in the blood of the soldiers; that there is a love of country which has not yet been fathomed; that the grief-stricken women have a strong feeling of resentment; that the Cuban Assembly and the party it represents, so far as there is one, had not capacity for self-government as we understand it. So it may be said that the real desire of the people of Cuba is for union with this country. That, bluntly, is what they want. The problem is, what we want to do about it, and it is for President McKinley and the American Congress to decide. One of the foremost champions of the recent revolution said to me,

"I am now asking my people whether they would prefer freedom under the American flag with security, or freedom under the Cuban flag without security."

A former Spanish Senator, a man who has accepted the new order of things, frankly said to me:

"Even if we were perfectly harmonious here, we could not establish a government for a long time. We are in a passive state. There is no co-ordination of forces yet. We must wait until some party with strength comes to the front, or your people must take us into your federation."

Whatever shall be the result, it is evident that American occupation is to last for some time. If there should arise a determination by the people of this country to annex Cuba, it must be done through tact. That would be a form of high statesmanship. Force will be resisted. The American government must at least be polite, even if it is not sincere. I do not advocate annexation, but of this I am certain, there will be no permanent peace in Cuba unless the island is under our protection, and Cuba will not be all that Cuba can be unless it is under our flag. If that should come about there will soon be no lack of men or money for the island. But it will bring its color-line discord. General Ludlow knows what this means, for did he not have to close a café run by three Texans because they refused to sell a negro Cuban general drinks? In one sense American annexation has already begun. Our money has become the standard of currency in Cuba. Reports from Santiago say that American money has practically driven out Spanish money. During the first week of our management of the Havana custom-house only about $500 in $50,000 was paid in American money for duties. In less than six weeks these figures were reversed, and the prediction was made that in less than six months American money would practically be the only money in general use in the island.



THE CUBAN SOLDIER AS HE IS.
PINAR DEL RIO.

As one goes through the island of Cuba nature presents to him one inspiring sight. It is the presence by thousands upon thousands of royal palm-trees. They are beautiful, majestic, useful, stalwart, commanding, and emblematic of integrity and lofty purpose. Why that tree was not used as a symbol on the flag of Cuba I cannot understand. I am sure that if Cuba had raised up among her people men as towering and as commanding as she has raised trees among her vegetation, no one need worry as to her future. But, alas! what country has ever done that?

LONDON

April 15, 1899.

THE Transvaal question is entering upon a new phase. From letters which have reached me from Johannesburg, and from communications with the leaders of the Progressives who are now in London, I gather that important decisions must shortly be taken which will affect the whole future of South Africa, and especially the welfare of the British and American population of the South-African Republic. Within two or three days from the present time a petition signed by twenty-one thousand Uitlanders will reach the Colonial Office. This petition is the result of a purely popular movement, has not been instigated by the millionaires of Park Lane or the leaders of the mining industry, but is signed by miners, storekeepers, shopkeepers, and householders, who are compelled to provide funds for the maintenance of a corrupt and extravagant oligarchy masquerading as republicans, without receiving any of the representative rights accorded by civilized governments to those who bear the chief burden of taxation. Although Mr. Rhodes is in London, he is taking no part in this new movement for the emancipation of the Uitlanders. Mr. George Farrar, one of the four reformers who were condemned to death in 1896, and respited on paying a fine of $125,000, is debarred by his oath from taking active and responsible leadership of the new movement, but is known to be keenly in sympathy with it. Mr. Farrar deeply regrets the part he took in the raid, and although the past is irretrievable, is convinced that the time has now come when the question of the suzerainty and the position of the Uitlanders must be determined, once for all. Mr. Farrar having spent $500,000 out of his own pocket in his endeavor to improve the status of Anglo-Saxons in the Transvaal, is presumably sincere in his desire to better their political position.

NEGOTIATIONS were recently opened between Mr. Kruger and the leaders of the Transvaal mining industry, among whom are Mr. George Farrar, Messrs. Wernher, Beit, and Company, Mr. Lionel Phillips, Mr. Leonard, and others. While these negotiations were in progress the important petition above referred to was already being prepared, without the knowledge of the South-African millionaires. There was no collusion whatever. The petition was sent through Sir Alfred Milner, the Governor of the Cape. It recites the injustice to which British and American citizens are subjected, and it demands the interference of the suzerain power in order to end a position of affairs which has become intolerable. I understand that this petition has received the support of Sir Alfred Milner, who is one of the ablest and most trusted of our colonial governors, and, like almost all our most prominent statesmen, is a Balliol man. The question that excites the mind of every one interested in South Africa is, What will be the answer of Mr. Chamberlain to the Uitlanders' prayer? Will it be inserted in a pigeon-hole, as though it were a cry from Bulgaria or a shriek from the mountains of Armenia; or, on the other hand, will it be favorably considered and the necessary pressure exerted in Pretoria? With events of vast and far-reaching importance looming in China, and with the new Samoan trouble, the government are unwilling to face a new Transvaal crisis unless they are absolutely compelled to do so. Whether adequate pressure will be exerted for the purpose of securing to the Uitlanders their full treaty rights, or whether their petition be ignored, the inevitable Transvaal crisis is at hand.

THE people who started a constitutional agitation for reform in 1895, which met with disaster when Mr. Rhodes and Dr. Jameson interfered, are the same people who are now crying to the mother-country for help in their need. Their voice has been stilled, and the flow of public sympathy so freely expressed three years ago has been arrested, because anything in the shape of agitation in the Transvaal has, not unnaturally, been attributed to the machinations of Mr. Rhodes. There is no ground for thus identifying the Rhodesian ring with the Transvaal Anglo-Saxons who are now appealing to the British public. They are backed up by Sir Alfred Milner, and they were instantly supported by the capitalists immediately the petition became known, although the latter were actually in communication with Mr. Kruger, with a view to settlement. The mining magnates prefer to sacrifice any advantages that the Transvaal executive may offer to the mining industry rather than sell the pass and abandon the people. I am informed that English investments in the Transvaal are being rapidly transferred to the French and Germans. The political centre of gravity is changing, and if the Uitlanders' petition be rejected there is no doubt that the whole of the British subjects in the Transvaal will be alienated from their mother-country, and both they and the leaders of the mining industry will be compelled to make what terms they can with Mr. Kruger. A strong republic, doubly embittered by the treatment of Downing Street, will thus be firmly established in the centre of South Africa, and the federation of African states under British control and defended by the British navy will be indefinitely postponed.

THERE is reason to believe that within the last few months the Colonial Office has invited Mr. Kruger to define the nature of the suzerainty. To this letter no reply has been received. The time has come for the suzerainty to be defined and established, and to this demand Sir Alfred Milner lends his support. It is conjectured that the refusal of Sir Alfred Milner's recommendation to the British government to accede to the prayer of the petitioners will be followed by Sir Alfred Milner's resignation. The petitioners declare that the Transvaal Convention was never intended to humiliate Anglo-Saxon settlers in the Transvaal, and they deny that an independent state was created by the treaties of 1881 and 1884. It is not the fault of unarmed and voteless Uitlanders if the prestige of Great Britain has been sacrificed through carelessness, or from the pressure of her international engagements elsewhere. French and German capitalists in the Transvaal are beginning to feel their power, and if England casts off her own people, and thus virtually renounces her suzerainty over the Transvaal, it is certain that the Kaiser and the French will seek to deal direct with Pretoria, for the protection of their own national interests.

ENGLAND, therefore, is in this position: she is either bound to interfere on behalf of her subjects in the Transvaal, thus maintaining her suzerainty, or she will not be justified in playing dog in the manger by preventing the French and German governments from safeguarding their large interests in the country by direct negotiations with Mr. Kruger. The investment of capital on the part of Americans and of French and Germans in the Transvaal was made under the guarantee of the British convention of 1884, and unless the suzerainty be maintained, it is certain that English investors in the Transvaal will transfer their interests to foreigners, and the country and its ever-growing trade will drift into the hands of foreigners, and be irretrievably lost to the British.

THERE is no doubt that Mr. Chamberlain is in a very difficult position. The government is not so strong as it was, the cold fit against expansionist policy has begun to set in, and the excitement of the Fashoda incident and the forth-coming Peace Congress disincline the House of Commons and the press generally from approving the adoption of an adventurous course in the Transvaal. Still, the situation has to be faced. Great efforts are being made to rouse public opinion from its apathy, and for the first time during the last fourteen years a grave South-African question has arisen in which Mr. Rhodes's influence is not sought. The evil of the raid is now beginning to be felt.

THE unexpected and unwelcome publication of a French and Belgian prospectus of a loan of about $22,500,000 for the construction of a railway from Peking to Han-kow has again drawn attention to the China question. In the teeth of British opposition, Russia and France (for Belgium is merely in China as a Russian cat's-paw) have succeeded in securing the construction of the main line of communication across the Yang-tse Valley. Fresh attention is drawn to the situation in China, and the report of Lord Charles Beresford is anticipated with keen interest. This report, which extends to some four hundred pages, will be published by the Harpers simultaneously in England and the United States. I have had the opportunity of perusing the book, and though of course its contents cannot be divulged, I may say that students of high politics, and the general public, will, for the first time, have the China question put before them in a coherent and connected form. The narrative is deeply interesting, and the plea for the maintenance of the open door is sustained in a measured sequence of fact and argument that will appeal to the conscience as well as to the interests of the Anglo-Saxon people. Lord Charles deeply feels the ignominious reversal of British traditions which has characterized our treatment of China. There was a time when the hereditary policy of Britain was to befriend weak nations. That is ancient history. England has taken what does not belong to her in China, under threats of guns and ships, for no better reason than that the military powers of Europe were doing the same.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD has struck a note in his book which will appeal to the better sense of the English-speaking world, although the money-mongers and cosmopolitan financiers may ridicule, as is their wont, the higher plane of thought and feeling from which Lord Charles discusses the whole China problem. The work is a most laborious, interesting, and successful effort to bring together all the information obtainable. The interviews with the various viceroys and the expression of the opinion of the educated Chinese, which are reported in Lord Charles's book, give quite a new idea of the moral and intellectual possibilities of China as a nation. After reading all the contemporary literature on the subject to which I have been able to obtain access, I have no hesitation in saying that Lord Charles Beresford's book on China contains more informative and interesting matter than all of them put together. In the words of a Japanese writer, he has "ever been bluffly straightforward, but withal a prudent politician. We therefore rejoice at his outspoken belief in the potential qualities of our Chinese neighbors, and are ready to enter into any compact having for its object the maintenance of the integrity of the Chinese Empire."

ARNOLD WHITE.

OUR NEW POSSESSIONS—*Puerto Rico*

By William Dinwiddie, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

BURDEN-BEARING IN PUERTO RICO

A COUNTRY without roads will have a population of human burden-carriers, and generally primitive transportation methods, and nowhere is this axiom better exemplified than in Puerto Rico. It seems curious that a little island settled as early as 1511, with a population of a quarter of a million souls two hundred years later, and with a full million near the end of four hundred years—or at the present time—should yet be in the travails of primitive methods of burden-carrying. Yet this is so. The last century, with its giant strides of machine-made progress, has only left its impress on lagging Spain reflectively, for she could not respond to the vivifying impulses of a modern world. What progress she has made, what advances her colonies have felt, have been thrust on them from the abounding, hurrying civilization of other nations.

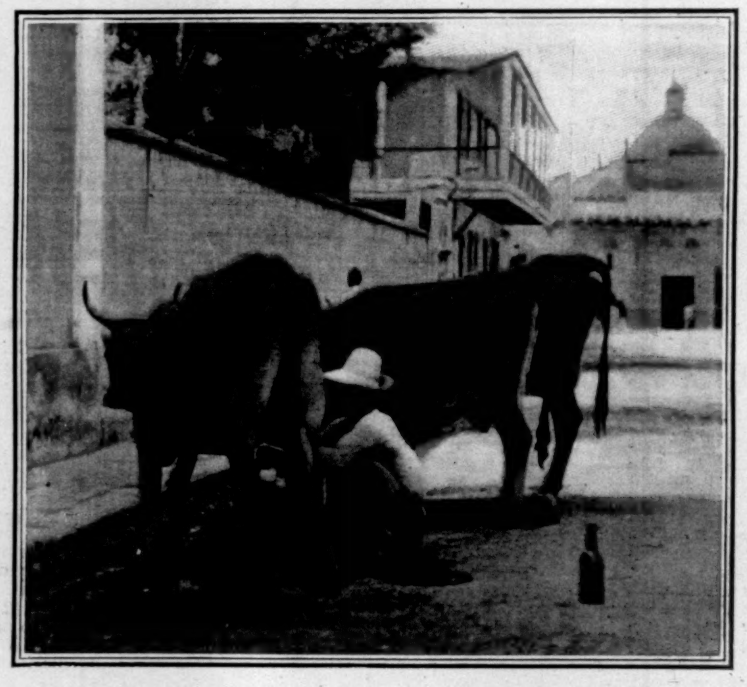
Every engineering scheme and also every new mechanical device and method used in her erstwhile isles of the West Indies will be found to have emanated from foreign influences. It is not intended here, however, to discuss Spanish mediævalism, but rather to describe the methods and means of transportation in vogue in Puerto Rico as they exist to-day, when America takes up the great responsibility of making new history for the island.

Spanish life, with its homes, its posing, its indolence, its mañana, affords rare gems for the painter's brush, and as a never-ending field of picture possibilities to the photographer it is superb, but it brings from the lips of the hustling business man of America, decided and demanding, just plain ordinary profanity.

The bread-wagon is on the street somewhere; you hear the vendor's high-keyed plaintive cry rising and falling with a musical cadence. He will be before your door after a while, and in the mean time be patient, even if you are inclined to be cross before your coffee, eggs, and bread in the morning; for your human bread-wagon, with the great board or basket, filled with fifty fine fresh loaves, balanced deftly on his head, must see the settlement of a misunderstanding between two scratching, biting, half-clad urchins; now he has stopped to banter a merry-eyed, dark-skinned girl, whose tattered gown discloses that she is a Venus in disguise; and, heavens! he has stopped again to get a light for his inevitable cigarette. The bread is all the better when you get it, for you are extremely hungry.

FAMILY, BASKETS AND ALL, GOING TO TOWN.

THE TRAIL-PONY WITH WICKER SADDLE.



A PUERTO-RICAN MILKMAN—NO ADULTERATION.

"Great Scott! I'll wring your Dago neck if you don't get around in the morning with our milk," an exasperated officer cried to the man who drove his dairy farm from door to door; but the man—not understanding—smiled his languid smile, and answered, "Muchas gracias, señor!" and forthwith sat himself on his haunches and proceeded to wring the warm lacteal fluid from the soft-eyed cow into a wine-bottle. How was he to blame that the half-starved calves which coax the milk to flow from the walking cows, with never a good round pull from the nipple for themselves, cavorted wildly through the plaza, and had to be finally tied, neck to neck, to keep them from running amok? The Americanos are so rude!

The food vendors are so interesting, so picturesque, that one forgives them, after breakfast! Everywhere through the streets in the early morning float the cries of men and boys, in singsong notes, calling the excellency of their wares. Here is a tall lithe fellow, with a swinging trot, carrying on his head an immense board of fresh vegetables, and as he comes down the street, turning his head stiffly from side to side, slowing the spinning motion of the plank with a touch of his hand, eagerly watching the doors and windows for the beckoning finger of a customer, his deeper cry mingles with the high-pitched shrill voice of the little black fellow, hardly waist-high, coming from the other corner, with a tray, teetering on the woolly pate, filled with cocoanut and sugar dulces his black mother has an hour before pressed into shape with not over-clean hands.

The number and variety of things which are sold from these recklessly balanced boards are amazing; all kinds of vegetables and fruits, dulces, candies, cakes, trinkets, and bottled fermented cocoanut milk.

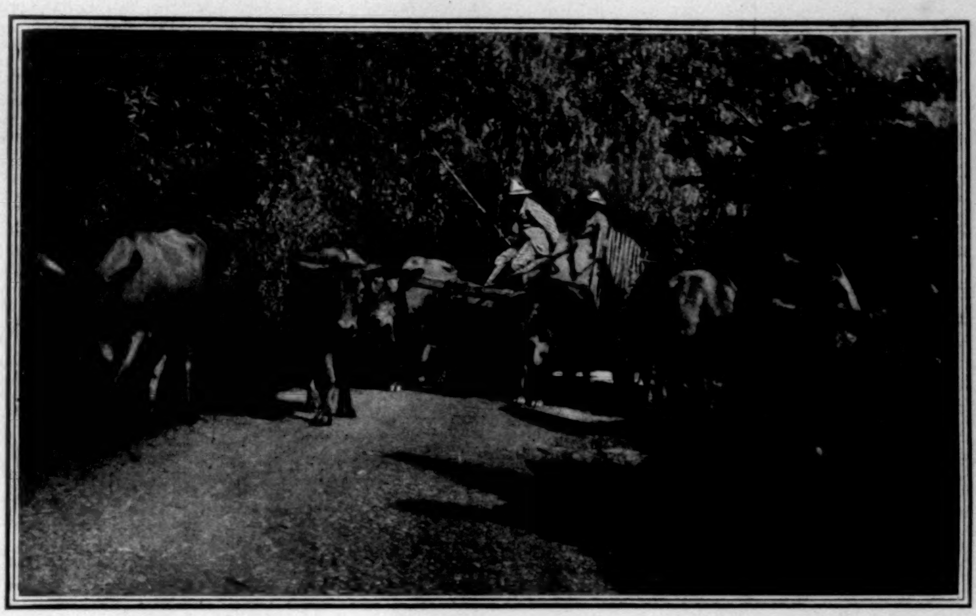
Some of the equilibrious feats are remarkable. The angle which the heavy tray may take seems to make little difference, for they apparently never drop them. It is possible to turn completely around with a tray five feet long, which sets it slowly whirling by momentum, without touching hand to it; and I once saw a man chase a tantalizing boy half a block with a tray piled up with cakes and candies on his head, finally landing him in the gutter with a flying kick, without so much as shaking his load.

In the early morning, when the shadows creep long and slender on the ground, the roads to the cities are filled with country market people. The milkman is perhaps most in evidence, either driving his cows with him to milk before his customer's door—which method, by-the-bye, should insure unadulterated milk—or carrying a big can decorated with dangling ladles and measures on his head. Some of them swing along with lurching step, never touching hand to the high ten-gallon, open-mouthed can of fluid.

The hat-weaver and the broom-maker stride unsociably behind each other toward the market-place to sell the handiwork of a week's labor, carrying their wares on an oscillating shoulder-pole. The banana and platano man moves forward under a load of two hundred pounds of green bunches of fruit as if it were a feather, while coming out of town are two peddlers with baskets piled high with cheap stuffs for the peasants, so heavy that they must have assistance to lower them to the ground, and still they will march five miles without a rest.

In the never-flagging procession come four men, two bearing, swung to the bamboo pole on their shoulders, a rude hammock, with a tented sheet screening its contents from the rapidly heating sun. Only a poor old man going into town to die! They may take him into the poorhouse if he belongs to the Church; if not, he goes to the bare room of the dead-house at the cemetery. Too sick to work; too poor to be cared for—a blessing to die!

The more opulent travel on ponies, with great loads bulging from their sides which would put a full-grown government pack-mule to the blush. Oranges are carried in great round panniers, which, when well filled, must weigh nearly three hundred pounds; and the driver, not content with all this load sawing on his little animal's back, usually puts himself astride in the centre. It is no uncommon sight to see half the family, baskets and all, go to town on one pony, the man and wife aback, and the youngsters in the baskets.



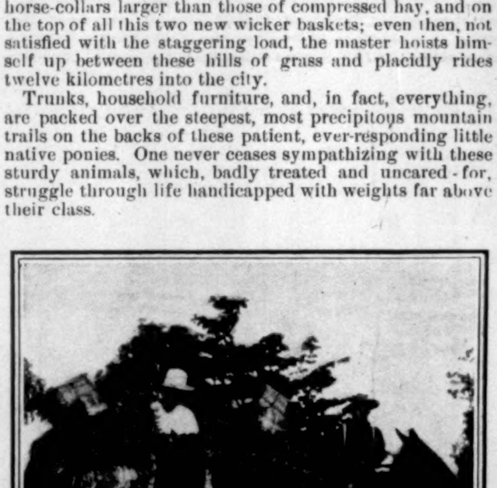
OXEN—THE PRINCIPAL DRAUGHT ANIMALS.

THE BANANA AND PLATANO SELLER.

A pair of hogs, weighing a hundred and fifty pounds apiece, are often brought to market in these big baskets, with all four feet tied together, and through their muzzled mouths they give forth a very faint intimation of what protests they would utter if they were to slip the curb.

The bulkiness of some of their pony-loads takes the breath away. For example, one man comes to town with a load of eighteen plaited pack-saddles, two bales of grass for horse-collars larger than those of compressed hay, and on the top of all this two new wicker baskets; even then, not satisfied with the staggering load, the master hoists himself up between these hills of grass and placidly rides twelve kilometres into the city.

Trunks, household furniture, and, in fact, everything, are packed over the steepest, most precipitous mountain trails on the backs of these patient, ever-responding little native ponies. One never ceases sympathizing with these sturdy animals, which, badly treated and uncared-for, struggle through life handicapped with weights far above their class.



A HEAVY PACK.

The real gentleman—that is, the Spanish official gentleman—never rides a basket saddle; he prefers an English saddle; but the majority of mountain-living coffee and tobacco planters use almost exclusively a soft leather pad, to which are attached two small rectangular wicker baskets.

The position astride the animal is one of sitting on a stool with your legs dangling from the knees. The gait of the ponies is a quick running walk or single-foot, which is very smooth going from the back of this broad pad—easier, in fact, than on a saddle with stirrups. All the native horse stock are small, and many of them are hardly higher than a good-sized Shetland. Their staying qualities are marvellous, and in a day's ride over trails no American horse can stay near them. They are the horse for Puerto Rico and tropical climates generally. The stock might be improved in size, perhaps, by crossing with the hardy cayuse or cow-pony blood, but an admixture of blooded large stock would be a doubtful experiment. The big American animal does not thrive in the climate.

The principal draught animals are oxen. Fine, large, big-horned fellows, quick and active on their feet, and, when urged forward, capable of keeping up a trotting gait for miles. It is said that the use of oxen as draught animals indicates a primitive condition in the evolution of a people. The great mass of the people are primitive enough to bear out this assertion, but it must be said that the indigenous ox has been highly bred to a quicker draught animal than is ever seen elsewhere. He is an admirable institution in an agricultural country where four yokes of animals are required to drag a plough through the heavy cane-land, and as a draught animal he nearly rivals the mule. The mule will probably replace him in the course of time, but the heavy horse never, as the climate and the diseases are against him.

A DULCE-VENDOR.

MILK-VENDOR.

In the island oxen are firmly yoked from the horns, in place of the loose yoke on the shoulders known to us in America. Considerable criticism has been indulged in by the late invaders regarding this cruel manner of handling the beasts, but, as a matter of fact, a yoke firmly lashed at the base of the horns, which is the strongest draught point on these short heavy-necked animals, is far preferable to an open yoke which wears the shoulders into blisters at every step. They move more easily in the stiff yoke, and back admirably, which is a movement not executed with the open yoke.

It is distressing to watch the drivers goading their teams forward with sharp spikes driven in the end of light shafts, and blood is often seen flecking their necks where the cruel barb has been wilfully thrust home. Societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals are the only remedies against the man with a heart of stone toward his beast.

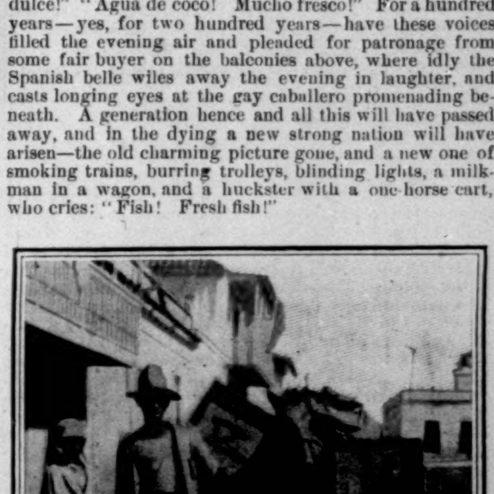
The ox-cart is the typical, heavy, two-wheeled, broad-tired vehicle known to every southern-Californian, and on it the immense loads are conveyed over the best military highways, and during the cropping seasons of coffee, tobacco, and sugar the strings of lumbering carts seem never to cease by day, and at night one hears the rumbling of train after train, each carrying spook-like candle-lanterns made of tin—a favorite one being an old coal-oil can driven full of round holes, behind which the candle splutters and flickers fantastically.

Every town has its scores of island-made public carriages of the surrey class, drawn by sore-backed rats of ponies. They are exceedingly comfortable, and the rates are low, governed by municipal regulation. The Jehu is no more exemplary than our own metropolitan cabby, and it is advisable to make your bargain in advance, or be willing to pay on demand, go to the alcalde's office and settle it, or walk away while your driver dances around and talks excited Spanish.

No city except Mayaguez has yet soared to the height of rail-riding cars. The foot, the ox-cart, the pony, and the low carriage have sufficed elsewhere. Mayaguez alone took a metropolitan flight, and established a line of street cars running through the city to the water-front a mile away. They run on a track so narrow that one feels like sticking his foot out and hopping along to keep the car balanced. The little boxes hold sixteen passengers on a squeeze, and are drawn by mules, and, though they run fifteen minutes apart, they are a comfort to the travelling public, and are much patronized.

THE HAT-WEAVER AND BROOM-MAKER.

As I sit in the growing twilight voices are wafted to my balcony in weird foreign cries of "Dulce! Si vende! dulce!" "Agua de coco! Mucho fresco!" For a hundred years—yes, for two hundred years—have these voices, filled the evening air and pleaded for patronage from some fair buyer on the balconies above, where idly the Spanish belle wiles away the evening in laughter, and casts longing eyes at the gay caballero promenading beneath. A generation hence and all this will have passed away, and in the dying a new strong nation will have arisen—the old charming picture gone, and a new one of smoking trains, burring trolleys, blinding lights, a milkman in a wagon, and a huckster with a one-horse cart, who cries: "Fish! Fresh fish!"



THE UBIQUITOUS PACK-HORSE.

The Samoan Treaty

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON

THERE is no doubt that the present state of affairs in Samoa, so far as the three protecting powers are concerned, is intolerable, and it is to be hoped that one of the results of the labors of the joint commission will be the discontinuance of a partnership to which one of the powers has already shown itself disloyal. At the same time it is just as well to understand the German side of the controversy, and to comprehend fully the beginnings and causes of the trouble which has already brought forth a small tragedy. No American or English newspaper has seen fit to publish the full report of Dr. Raffel, the President under the Berlin treaty, to his government, although it is he, and not Consul Rose, who is primarily responsible for the attitude which Germany has assumed. While I have not seen this report, I have learned its contents from Dr. Raffel himself, and am therefore able to state its purport for the information of the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

In the first place, it is Dr. Raffel's assertion that the Germans, under the policy which he adopted, were not favoring either the Mataafa or the Malietoa faction, but were intent only on leaving the selection of their King to the natives, the three powers confining themselves to the task of protecting the rights of the whites, and, if necessary, compelling the observance of their treaty privileges. In view of the powers which the whites' overlordship possessed under the treaty, it is difficult to understand how the German attitude could become practicable without the unanimous consent of the local representatives of the three powers. But, however that may be, it is clear enough that Dr. Raffel's view is worthy of consideration and suggests a possible solution of the existing complication. Accepting the assertion as true, as we must, the action of the Germans that followed is intelligible up to the point where the German President broke with his American and English colleagues.

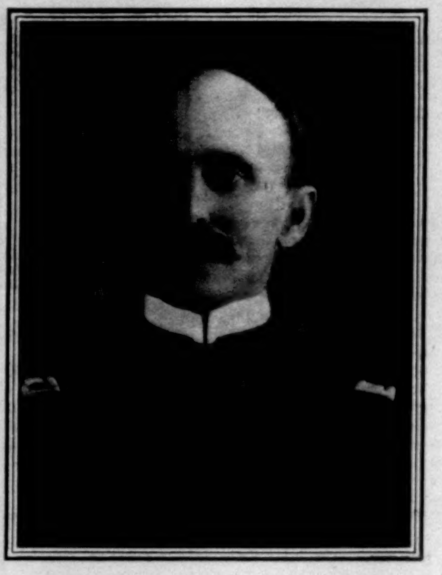
It must also be understood that Germany had withdrawn her opposition to Mataafa before the elder Malietoa's death, and had therefore abandoned the position she had assumed ten years before in consequence of the killing of German subjects by Mataafa's followers. The reason for this change of attitude on the part of Germany, as stated by Dr. Raffel, is enlightening and perhaps controlling as to the whole situation. At the last election before that from which this complication has arisen the candidacy of Mataafa was barred, owing to the protest of Germany, a protest which was recognized as valid by the other two powers, who, however, were then friendly to Mataafa. What followed, however, had not been foreseen. Since Mataafa's defeat and expulsion there have been two governments in Samoa. Malietoa ruled over the capital and the municipal district, but his authority was not respected in the rest of the kingdom, which was therefore his only nominally. Outside of the small jurisdiction of Malietoa, the rebels ruled supreme. At first Mataafa was the rival King, and after his banishment the young Tamasese ruled. The rebels, representing the great majority of the Samoans, refused to pay taxes for the support of the Malietoa dynasty. Acting upon this refusal, the Samoans loyal to Malietoa and obedient to the powers also declined to pay taxes, and therefore the whites in turn declined to pay their share towards the support of the complicated political structure. This left Dr. Raffel without funds for the payment of salaries, including the salary of the Chief Justice. This, however, was provided for by a diversion of customs revenues, but the King was left unpaid until the loyal Samoans and the whites changed their minds. In the mean time the rebels exercised full jurisdiction in the islands outside of the municipal district. If a Samoan was caught stealing from a white, or violating the laws in any way, he was arrested by the rebels and punished, or handed over to the whites for punishment. If, however, the latter undertook to carry their prisoner to Malietoa's government for punishment by the Supreme Court, he was immediately rescued, the rebels saying that the Americans or Germans or English, as the case might be, could punish the culprit, or he might be left to the justice of Tamasese. In no event would the rebels permit him to be delivered over to the government which was presided over by Malietoa and recognized by the three powers.

According to Dr. Raffel, it was this state of affairs which convinced him, and presumably his government, that nothing but harm could result from white interference in the native politics of the archipelago. Therefore, towards the end of Malietoa's life, the death of the King not being anticipated, the Germans yielded at least a tacit consent that Mataafa might be brought back, Malietoa himself having consented on condition that his old enemy would be loyal to his government. Before Mataafa reached the island, however, Malietoa died, and native political complications arose almost immediately. Weeks before the election for the successor of Malietoa could be held, Mataafa and his followers camped in large numbers in the vicinity of the capital, and it was clear, so Dr. Raffel thought, that Mataafa would be chosen. He further says that Chief-Justice Chambers wrote a letter to a leading American merchant of Apia, saying that if Mataafa were elected he did not see how he could avoid declaring him King. As the American to whom this letter was addressed was friendly to Mataafa, the declaration of the Chief Justice was speedily made known to the friends of the old chief throughout the islands. The result of the election and the subsequent action of the Chief Justice are matters of familiar knowledge, but it is with this decision that the rupture between America and England on the one side, and Germany on the other, begins, and it is with this rupture and the light which it throws upon the tripartite agreement that we have now principally to deal.

Let it be taken for granted, then, that the German policy was simply one of non-interference in Samoan politics. Dr. Raffel, acting on this, refused German aid in support of the decision which had been made by Chief-Justice Chambers against Mataafa's eligibility, and declaring that Malietoa Tanu had been elected. It is unnecessary to discuss Dr. Raffel's criticisms of Chief-Justice Chambers and his decision. He alleges that the Germans have by far the largest commercial interests in the islands; that there are only two American merchants who are at all to be considered, and that they are both friendly to Mataafa; and that the main or sole English interest is that of the London mission. Dr. Raffel is convinced, indeed, that the occasion of the quarrel is entirely ecclesiastical; that Mataafa being a Catholic and more or less under the control of the French Jesuits of the island, the English Protestant missionaries are fearful of the consequences to their cause if he is permitted to rule over the islands. He says that the Chief Justice, contrary to the advice and warning of his predecessor, took up his residence at the London mission-house when he first came to the islands as Land Commissioner, and that he has since been entirely under the influence of the London mission, which, in turn, is naturally protected by the English naval force. Dr. Raffel insists that it is because of this influence, which he regards as unwholesome, that the Chief Justice changed his mind and rendered a decision in favor of Malietoa Tanu and against Mataafa, after he had declared that he did not see how he could possibly do so.

The merits of the decision, however, are, as I have already said, not now in controversy, but they clearly ought to be made a subject of inquiry by our government. If Chief-Justice Chambers is such a man as Dr. Raffel describes him to be, he ought not surely to be in any official position, much less in one which gives him an opportunity to embroil us with such powers as Germany and England, with both of which we ought not only to be at peace, but on terms of friendship. So far as the representatives of the three powers were concerned, however, the decision of the Chief Justice was the law, and Dr. Raffel should have respected it as such. In Samoa there were, and are, under the Berlin treaty and under certain conditions, two parties. One party consists of the natives, and the other of the three powers, whose representatives, therefore, are bound in loyalty to act together. Consequently, whatever Dr. Raffel may have thought of the decision which Chief-Justice Chambers rendered in behalf of Malietoa Tanu and against Mataafa, he should have supported the Chief Justice. Possibly this would have brought all three powers into an ineffectual conflict with Mataafa and his followers. But it is far from certain, on the other hand, that it would not have been followed by a peace which would have enabled the three powers to settle the question at issue without loss of life, as they must now settle them after the killing of English and American officers and sailors, and after a serious and regrettable quarrel between two of the signatory powers and Germany. As it was, the American and English representatives could not, or did not, enforce the decision of the Chief Justice, and Dr. Raffel himself consented to what was practically an overthrow of the treaty government and the substitution of a provisional government, which, in turn, has been overthrown by Admiral Kautz and Captain Sturdee.

It is clear, on this recital of the German case, that the overlordship of the three powers is a failure. It may be, as has been charged, that the Germans desire to annex Samoa to their empire, and that therefore they are quite willing that the Berlin treaty should be torn up and the islands left to the future, which embraces quite as many possibilities for Germany as for England or the United States. Probably, in view of Germany's friendship for Mataafa, who doubtless represents a very large majority of the Samoans, Germany would be in a much better position than either of the other powers for future undivided control or influence in the islands. It may be, on the other hand, that Germany does not want the islands, and is merely desirous, as Dr. Raffel says, to put an end to the treaty because it is impracticable, and because the three powers can protect their own people, each acting separately, much more efficaciously and much more agreeably than is possible under the existing arrangement. This arrangement, at all events, is a mistake, and those who were opposed to the Berlin treaty when it was before the Senate are justified. The bargain was a foolish one, but it cannot be terminated, of course, until the three powers agree. It is one of the follies of nations that a government must hold on to all that it has gained by war or by treaty until it can obtain at least an apparent consideration for anything it may surrender. And this is true even if in holding on it must expend valuable lives and treasure only less valuable. It may be that we cannot get out of Samoa without a great sacrifice, notwithstanding the fact that the cost of remaining will always be greater than the value of the islands, and that the time is inevitable when the whole country will wish that Mr. Cleveland had yielded to the temptation which was strong with him during his second administration, and had simply abandoned the unfortunate enterprise with which he found himself burdened during his first term. But we can at least withdraw from a tripartite arrangement which seems to be binding on one of the parties only so long as it approves of the conduct of the representatives of the other two. Germany has insisted on the unanimous action of the members of the new commission which is to determine the right and wrong of the conduct of Dr. Raffel and Consul Rose on the one side, and of Chief-Justice Chambers, Admiral Kautz, and Captain Sturdee on the other. This principle of unanimity is essential to the success of any tripartite international agreement, and it can never be more necessary than in an agreement under which three civilized powers undertake the control or the protection of a savage or semi-savage people. In this case the German representatives have taught the Samoans that they are dealing with a divided and even a warring protectorate, and therefore the protectorate must fail of the purpose for which it was established—that is, the joint enforcement of such law and order as is essential to the defence of the rights of the whites against the changing policies of Samoan chiefs and Samoan politics. It is evident now that one power of the three may be separated from the other two by considerations or circumstances appealing to the selfish interests of its own people; and it will not necessarily always be the same power, although it is difficult to conceive of Americans and Englishmen being disloyal to a treaty into which they have entered for the defence of their mutual rights. Even in their case, however, it can be imagined that one may be separated from the other by an appeal to its sense of justice; but when a separation of one from the other does take place, the position of the protectorate is not alone put in danger. In this instance it has been shown that the lives and property of the citizens of the two remaining loyal to each other and to their agreement are likely to be sacrificed when the natives are convinced that their disorder may have the countenance of the third power. So long, then, as this tripartite agreement remains in force, the Samoans may be counted on to intrigue for the purpose of seducing one of the powers from its allegiance to the other two, and therefore there is nothing but trouble, jealousy, and perhaps open hostility in store for the future. By all means, let us break up this incompatible partnership. Dr. Raffel's own story, justify himself and condemn Chief-Justice Chambers as he may, proves that the Berlin treaty is a delusion and a snare, and that it not only does not benefit the Samoans or the whites of the island, but that it may bring about a war over these savages—the contemplation of which brought forth so vigorous a protest against such a termination of this international arrangement from the German Minister of Foreign Affairs.



COL. JOHN M. STOTSENBURG, U. S. V.,
1st Nebraska Vols. Captain, U. S. A. Killed near Quingua, April 23.

Diary of the Revolt

Thursday, April 20.—There were skirmishes near Taguig, about seven and one-half miles southeast of Manila, and beyond Guiguinto, about seventeen miles north of the same city. In the first of these affairs the Filipinos were the aggressors, and formed a skirmish-line in imitation of the tactics of the Americans.

Friday, April 21.—The natural anxiety of relatives and friends in this country to secure the return of the volunteers now serving in the Philippines was expressed in telegrams urging the latter not to re-enlist, but to insist upon immediate discharge. It was also asserted in some of the American newspapers that, in furtherance of "a plot on the part of the anti-expansionists in the United States," other telegrams were sent for the purpose of creating a mutinous spirit among the volunteers because they had not been sent home immediately after the declaration of peace between Spain and the United States. The statement that the volunteers were dissatisfied was accepted in some quarters, and regarded as an unfavorable element in the situation. The gallant behavior of regiments in the field showed that these reports must be in part inventions, in part exaggerations.

Saturday, April 22.—In our diary, under the date April 18, we noted a rumor in regard to "strengthening the American force *at Calumpit*," MacArthur's command being then at Malolos, and the further advance not having been undertaken. The nature of this possible re-enforcement was disclosed to-day, when Lawton took the field, starting out at daybreak, and leading his brigade of 2500 men in a northeasterly direction from Manila towards Novaliches. The design was that he should proceed

LIEUT. LESTER E. SISSON, U. S. V.,
Company K, 1st Nebraska Vols. Killed near Quingua, April 23.

northward as rapidly as possible, by way of Novaliches, San José, and Norzagaray, until he should reach a position between the Filipino army at Calumpit and the mountains towards which it was assumed the enemy would retreat when attacked by MacArthur. It was evident that this plan, if perfectly executed, might even result in an almost simultaneous attack upon the Filipino stronghold by MacArthur from the south, and by Lawton swinging in from the east. But the country was difficult, the roads in bad condition, and the amount of opposition to be overcome purely a matter of conjecture. After a skirmish with hostiles near the Tuliahan River, Lawton's column reached Novaliches at ten o'clock in the morning.

Sunday, April 23.—General MacArthur sent Major Bell, with a small troop of cavalry, to make a reconnoissance in the vicinity of Quingua, four miles northeast of Malolos. When approaching that town the troop was attacked by a strong force of hostiles intrenched in the brush. Several of our men were wounded by the first volleys, to which they were exposed, but they dismounted and returned the fire, holding their ground until General Hale came up with re-enforcements from Malolos—two battalions of the First Nebraska and two battalions of the Fifty-first Iowa, with four field-guns. The Filipinos, before they were driven from their strong intrenchments, inflicted a heavy loss upon our men, of whom more than forty were wounded, and six, including Colonel Stotsenburg, in command of the First Nebraska Volunteers, and Lieutenant Lester E. Sisson, of the same regiment, were killed.

Colonel John Miller Stotsenburg was a native of Indiana and a graduate of West Point. In 1881 he was appointed Second Lieutenant of the Sixth Cavalry; he served with his regiment in Arizona and New Mexico from 1887 to 1890 (having been promoted meantime to the rank of First Lieutenant), and took part in the Sioux campaigns and the action at Wounded Knee, South Dakota. Then followed seven years of garrison routine and study, extending to December, 1897, when the Board of Regents of the University of Nebraska employed him as instructor of military tactics. In the university he was very popular, and was considered a fine disciplinarian. When the war broke out he received permission to leave his duties as instructor in order to assist in the work of organizing a regiment—the First Nebraska Volunteers. He was mustered in as Major, and sailed with his regiment for Manila last summer. The colonel of the First Nebraska fell sick, and was condemned by a medical board; the lieutenant-colonel had been made deputy-collector of the port of Manila; Stotsenburg was named to command the regiment, which he brought to a high state of efficiency. His care and kindness for his men won their gratitude, and as for his bravery, we would quote Private Gibson of Nelson, Nebraska: "The boys have confidence in him because he does not get back a mile and say, 'Go on, boys; I am coming,' but he gets in front and says, 'Come on, boys; I am going.'" He had held the rank of captain in the regular army since December, 1898.

Monday, April 24.—Before daylight General MacArthur's division began to move on Calumpit. The Fourth Cavalry, with three guns of the Utah Battery, the Nebraskans (now commanded by Major Mulford), and the Iowa regiments, were led by General Hale toward a fordable point in the Bagbag River. MacArthur and Wheaton pursued another course, advancing with the Montana volunteers on the left of the railway, while the Kansans moved forward on the right. A supply-train accompanied them, with two armed cars in front, carrying Gatling and Colt rapid-fire guns and 6-pounders. As our men left Malolos, the natives began to return. Chinese residents in a panic, now that the protection of our troops was withdrawn, fled to Manila, "loaded down with all their worldly goods."

Marching orders were received with enthusiasm by the Americans, who proceeded towards the town as rapidly as possible, dispersing a force of Filipinos at the ford, and sometimes wading or swimming to hold the line of advance. General Hale halted his command on the outskirts of Calumpit, to await the arrival of General Wheaton's brigade.

Tuesday, April 25.—A despatch from General Otis to the War Department: "Hale's brigade, MacArthur's division, moved down right bank of Quingua River yesterday to vicinity of Calumpit; now joined by Wheaton's brigade on the left bank. Hale encountered fierce opposition, driving enemy with heavy loss, taking his intrenchments in flank. Hale's casualties, six killed and twelve wounded. The division has now invested Calumpit, which will be taken today. Lawton, with part of his command, reaches Norzagaray this evening, where he will be joined by centre column from Bocave." [Colonel Summers, with two battalions each from the Oregon and Minnesota regiments, three troops of cavalry, and two guns, marched across from Bocave and effected this junction successfully. The sudden appearance of an overwhelming force at this point, so far inland, and commanding the district between Calumpit and the mountains, had a most depressing effect upon the spirits of the Filipino leaders.] "Extreme heat, rain, high streams, and bad roads made the march very difficult. He (Lawton) had not met opposition since leaving Novaliches, the enemy retreating before him. South of and near Manila the enemy has a force of 4000 making demonstrations daily; can be easily taken care of. It cannot communicate with [the Filipino forces in the] north."

Wednesday, April 26.—The fighting yesterday resulted in the capture of the outer trenches, but not of the town of Calumpit. During the night American engineers repaired the railway bridge, which the enemy had attempted to wreck. General Wheaton's brigade was thus enabled to cross with baggage and artillery. This morning, with the Kansas regiment on the western side of the railway and the Montana regiment on the eastern side, Wheaton's brigade advanced in extended order until they came to the south bank of Rio Grande. On the opposite bank the Filipinos held a position of great strength, and used cannon for the first time in this part of the field of operations. A determined resistance was offered in the afternoon, and our losses were reported to be fifteen killed and wounded. General Otis's despatch of this date gave the result of the day's work: "MacArthur has taken a portion of Calumpit, south of river. Movement attended with difficulties on account of jungle, heat, and strong intrenchments. His casualties yesterday, three killed and eleven wounded. Developments thus far satisfactory." The same despatch contained the interesting statements: "Lawton at Norzagaray and Angat; his two columns united have driven enemy to north and west; slight casualties; names not reported; only means of communication couriers." One of the American correspondents at Manila cabled: "The Indian-fighting tactics of General Lawton have demoralized and crushed the hopes of the insurgents." The actual situation, if one stopped to think, made a picture in the mind—of MacArthur's troops who had fought their way into Calumpit, planted their guns in front of a church, and from this position were shelling intrenchments in the suburbs, where some of the Filipinos still desperately held out.

Marrion Wilcox.

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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"Babies," issued by the N. Y. Condensed Milk Co., N. Y., should be in the hands of all young mothers. The hints it contains are invaluable to the inexperienced. Sent free upon application.—[*Adv.*]

THE EXPLORER.

"Where have you been, Jack? It is ages since we have seen you." "Oh, I have been on a voyage of discovery." "Really!—you, the gay boy!—and where, pray?" "To Japan, my old fellow. Yes, even as you see me, I have been to Japan, having been seized with a sudden desire to study the flora of that marvellous country." "Is that the name of some pretty girl?" "What a fool you are! I discovered and have breathed in the Funkia du Japon, that rare flower of which Oriza-Legrand has extracted his last and finest perfume, which he calls by that name [to be had of all perfumers and druggists], and which is now the rage in the two Americas."—[*Adv.*]

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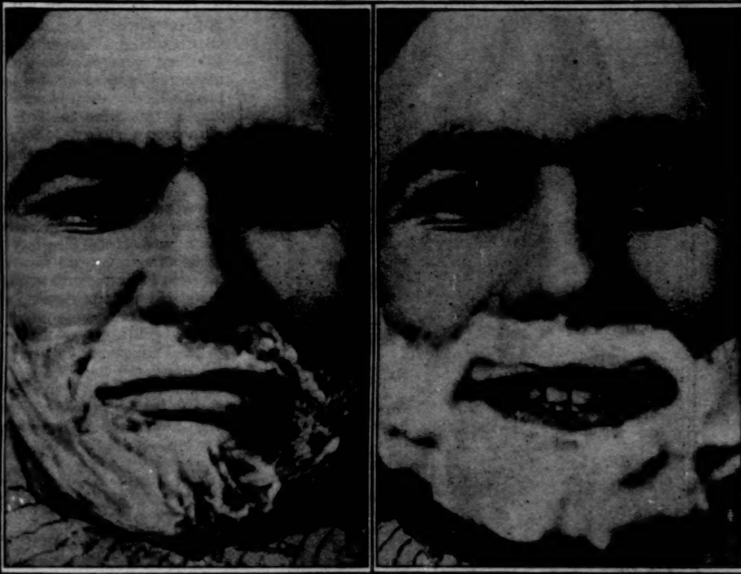

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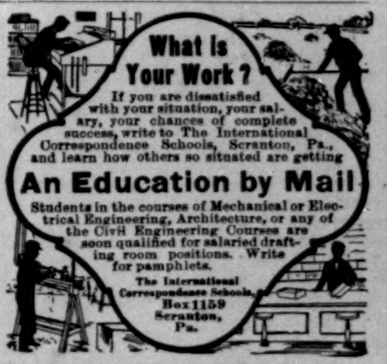

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Our Havana Photographs

ON page 450 of the WEEKLY will be found some very interesting photographs of Havana from our special photographer. The one of the street-car line operated by steam-dummies shows the only street railroad in the city for which horses do not furnish the motive power. Formerly this was operated in the usual slipshod Spanish fashion; peculation was rampant, and the soldiery always rode free of charge; but the road still managed generally to pay fair dividends, so that its possibilities under American management are great. It was at one time the rule to charge fare only for persons who occupied seats, those on the platform riding free.

The old military prison might well have had over its gates the legend "All ye who enter here abandon hope," for during the Spanish régime many Cuban political suspects were consigned to it, never to be heard of again. In the foreground of the picture of the Central Park and Hotel Inglaterra will be noticed a pedestal without a statue on it. Here stood the statue of Queen Isabella II., a picture of the removal of which, preparatory to its shipment to Spain, was given in HARPER'S WEEKLY dated April 8.

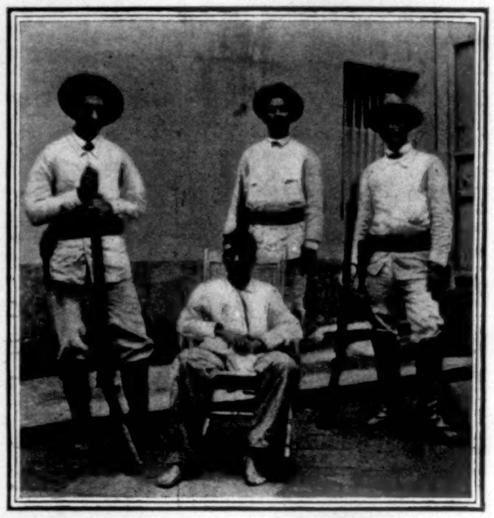
The building now used as a Custom House was formerly the Franciscan Church and Convent. When the English captured the city, a century and more ago, they held services there. To the Spanish mind the presence of the heretic invaders was a desecration, and religious services were never held there again.

Jealousy in the Wood

WAKE-ROBINS in the clearings cry
That the sun has passed them by,
In wood-clearings violets weep
That the sun should hold them cheap;
Slighting what he used to prize—
Witched away by a woman's eyes.

Violets, smile, your tears forgetting,
Wake-robins, hark, and hush your fretting;
She's won at last, and sweetly she
Has sworn her eyes 'gainst coquetry;—
So now the flowers won't have to run
Begging after fickle sun.

FRANCIS STERNE PALMER.



Rafael Ortiz

THE photograph given above of Rafael Ortiz was received through the courtesy of Major-General Guy V. Henry, U.S.V., Military Governor of Puerto Rico. When the Forty-seventh New York Volunteers came to Caguas, Ortiz's sweetheart was won by the attentions of Private Burke. Not content with this, Burke twice humiliated his discarded rival by striking him in the face in the presence of the girl. Ortiz finally killed Burke as he sat in a café. He was tried by court martial, and sentenced to be shot. Secretary Alger arrived at Caguas on the day set for the execution, and seeing a crowd of people before him and a large American flag hung across his path, stopped his carriage, whereupon the assembled people fell upon their knees. One of their number came forward and explained the circumstances of the Ortiz case, and begged that the sentence be commuted to life-imprisonment. Secretary Alger telegraphed to San Juan to stop the execution, and referred the case to the President, who has granted the request, and Ortiz will probably be sent to the United States to serve his sentence.

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HAWAIIAN-AMERICA

BY *CASPAR WHITNEY*

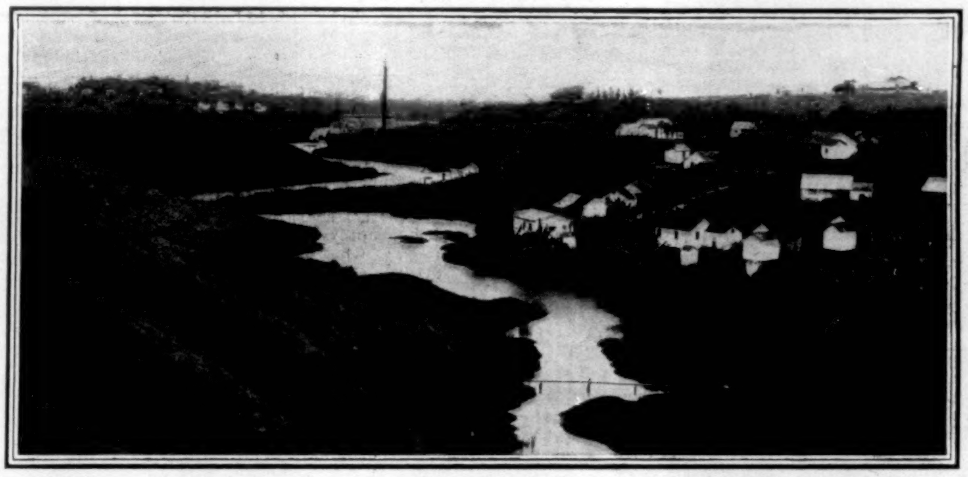
V.—THE LABOR QUESTION

PERHAPS no other feature in Hawaiian industrial life has proved such a boon, to those sentimentalists whose habit is to speak twice before thinking once, as the contract-labor system which has ruled hitherto on these islands. They have called it "Hawaii's legalized slavery," and likened it unto negro slavery as it formerly existed in the South, comparisons that give fine opportunity for harangue from the rostrum, but in truth reveal the superficiality that appears to be the usual accompaniment of modern sentimentalism. The comparison is absurd, and discloses ignorance, as we shall see.

The general industrial activity following fast upon the signing of the reciprocity treaty in 1875 made it immediately apparent that a very considerable increase of laborers was necessary. The rise of the sugar interests,—the development of established plantations, and the laying out of new ones;—created a demand for labor which the home or natural market could not begin to supply.

Differing from Cuba or Puerto Rico or the Philippines, which have the advantage of a cheap labor indigenous and sufficient to supply the needs of many and extensive plantations, Hawaii's native labor was, and is, neither cheap nor dependable. Therefore it became absolutely necessary to seek help in the labor-markets of the world, and in 1876 a Bureau of Immigration was organized at Honolulu, and vigorous effort put forth to get the labor needed by expanding industry, the hope being held, at the same time, of attracting a class desirable for permanent settlement. With this latter object particularly in view, the bureau sought to encourage immigration of the Portuguese, as being an industrious people suited to Hawaiian climatic conditions, and from 1878 to 1887 assisted about 8000 of them into the islands. But their importation proved so expensive that after 1888 no more were assisted until the middle nineties, and Chinese and Japanese, costing greatly less in transportation, were imported instead.

THE NECESSARY (INDUSTRIAL) EVIL.



SUGAR-MILL AND PLANTATION LABORERS' HOUSES.

The cost of importing Portuguese was never less than about $240, and sometimes upwards of $400, per capita. In one instance a shipment in 1885 cost the government $303, and the planters $115, a total of $418, a man—rather a high premium to pay for labor. The lowest cost to government was $130, and to planter $110, or total of $240, per capita. The cost of getting over the Japanese was $23 to the government, and $64 to the planter, a total of $87, per capita, of which the Jap returns $60, leaving net cost to government $17, and to planter $10.

In the first ten years of assisted immigration the Hawaiian government expended in round numbers about $1,000,000, and the planters paid out about as much more, the imported labor including (approximately) 9000 Portuguese, 1200 Germans, 200 Norwegians, 900 Polynesians, and 17,000 Chinese (not assisted). No Japanese were imported until 1886, when 1152 men and 252 women arrived, to be so rapidly followed by others that in 1890 there were 12,360; in 1896, 22,329, and at this writing there are very probably 30,000 Japanese on the Hawaiian Islands; while the Chinese number about 24,000, and the Portuguese 16,000.

The first shipment of Japanese was gathered from the cities, and proved an undesirable lot, who disregarded agreements and caused the government and planters much loss of time and money. It was obvious, therefore, some arrangement must be made that would guarantee government and planters against loss of the money they advanced to assisted laborers.

Thus began the contract-labor system so disturbing to the sentimentalists!

Let us consider this contract and see how much of "slavery" there is in it. The agreement to which the laborer subscribed was about as follows: (1) That the money for passage from his home to Hawaii be advanced by his employer. (2) That he will refund this money at the rate of from one to two dollars a month until it is paid. (3) That he will continue with his employer for three years or whatever time he has agreed to work. (4) That twenty-six days of ten hours each constitute a working month. (5) That he be paid at rates varying from $12 to $15 per month, with free house, firewood, medicine, and medical attendance; in some cases agreements are entered into that provide for the employer furnishing hospital, medicine, attendance, physician, etc., and the laborers contributing each 25 to 50 cents a month towards its support. (6) That he be paid 10 cents an hour for overtime. (7) That his wife, if he has one, is given employment, if she wishes it, at from $7 50 to $10 a month. (8) That he agrees to work faithfully as an agricultural laborer and servant during his term of contract. He need not be separated from his family; he may return to his country or go where he likes at the end of his service.

The contract is voluntarily entered upon and signed by both parties—employer and employé. The employer agrees to find steady work and uninterrupted pay to the employé for three years. The employé, for his part, agrees to labor on each working-day during that time, except the holidays stipulated in his contract. When his service is concluded, the laborer either remains in the country as an independent worker, or enters upon a new contract, or goes elsewhere. Several thousand Japanese are to-day in the Hawaiian Islands working under their second contract. Sometimes they go home for a little vacation to enjoy some of the money they have accumulated; more often they continue on the sugar-plantations; or just now they are being attracted in large numbers to the coffee industry, by the inducement of a higher wage from the clearing companies, the road contractors, or the coffee-planters. A considerable percentage of ex-contract-laborers plant little patches of cane for themselves on bits of waste land loaned them by the planters.

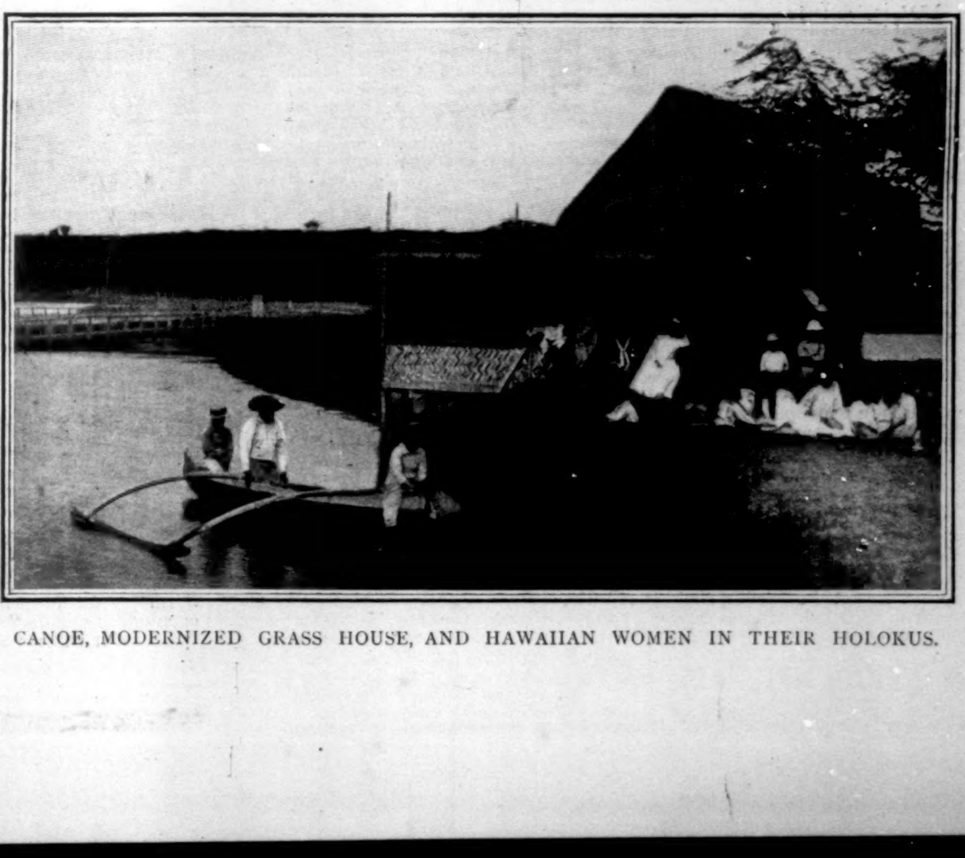
The Chinamen from the cane-fields have, as their contracts expired, worked their way into the rice and taro fields, with the result that they have practically absorbed the rice industry of all the islands, and are fast doing as much in taro; the Japanese remaining on the islands as independent workers have drifted more particularly into coffee and somewhat into small truck farming for the local market. The Portuguese have practically all remained on the islands at the expiration of the contracts that served to bring them over, and devoted themselves to small farming and fruit-growing. In the latter industry they have almost as much of a monopoly as the Chinamen have in rice.

Comparatively few Portuguese, however, are now to be found on the cane-plantations, though their wage runs from $18 to $30 per month, and not a member of the family, old or young, that fails of taking his or her place in the field. Therefore, as a rule, a Portuguese family saves enough in the first period of their contract to labor subsequently for themselves in farming, or in fruit-growing, or in coffee-planting which is now attracting a great many of them. The industrial and economic ideas of the Portuguese, who want every member of the family at work, clash sometimes with Hawaii's educational laws, which, without distinction as to color, race, or class, insist upon every child between the ages of six and fifteen attending school regularly; but, on the whole, they have proved well worth the original outlay of their importation. They are desirable immigrants, sober and industrious workers, and useful citizens in the development of the islands.

So, too, the Chinese have been and continue a very helpful factor in Hawaii's industrial expansion. They are quiet, industrious, peaceful; occupy a considerable section of Honolulu with their mercantile houses, fill the majority of the trades, and supply the local markets with most of their fish and vegetables. Together with the Japanese, they are, too, the domestic servants of the islands. In the cane-fields they are diligent, obedient, and tractable. Rarely is any trouble had on plantations with the Chinese.

On the other hand, the Jap is the agitator of the islands. He is the "walking delegate" of Asiatic labor organization. The only Oriental to have been converted to the modern labor union, and, once converted, he has pursued it with the same thoughtless haste that has characterized his adoption of Western ideas generally in Japan. It is only necessary for an idea to come out of the West, and the Jap seizes upon it with avidity. The average Japanese day worker could probably give agitator Debs pointers on the systematic organization of labor. From the jinrikisha-men through all the various fields of labor, up to the skilled trades, the Japanese working-class at home are powerfully and thoroughly organized. Added to which the Jap is thoroughly convinced of the efficacy of strikes.

There have been some pretty serious times on the sugar-



CANOE, MODERNIZED GRASS HOUSE, AND HAWAIIAN WOMEN IN THEIR HOLOKUS.

plantations of Hawaii because of these Japanese tendencies, and other times likely to be yet more serious have been barely avoided through the interference of the Japanese government. While I was on the islands the Japanese government representative nipped in its incipiency a wholesale strike of Japs that would for a time just about have paralyzed the sugar industry. Strikes can perhaps be more disastrous in the sugar industry than in any other; on occasion they might, indeed, cause the loss of the returns of a season's crop. Therefore planters have become rather nervous over the preponderance of Japanese labor in the cane-field, with the leaven of Chinese or Portuguese or others lessening, and a strong desire more nearly to equalize the nationalities is manifest. Chinamen whose contracts have expired are being re-engaged at an increased wage, and an effort is making to recruit 1500 Portuguese from the Azores and Madeira Islands.

The Japanese, who at home earns from $1 30 to $3 90 a month, is a pugnacious, troublesome laborer, vain, slow-witted, impudent, and prone to riot. I was often surprised at the toleration of plantation *lunas* (overseers) in dealing with these surly, cheeky brutes. Not, of course, that all Japanese are so trying, but they are so to a sufficiently large degree to make it the rule, while with the other nationalities trouble is had in only exceptional and individual cases. There are *lunas* who are cruel, sometimes brutal, to the laborers under them, but I am bound to say my investigation in this direction (and I made an extended one, because of circulated stories of cruelty) disclosed only an occasional brutal *luna*, and he was marked for discipline by the courts and by his employers.

Speaking generally, the care of plantation laborers has been most considerate, and in some instances that came under my observation really paternal. Every district in the islands has its physician, the majority of plantations have hospitals, and one I visited employed nurses at its own expense. I also made it a point to visit the laborers' houses, and in all cases found them sufficient to the needs of the men, and superior to the habitations they had been accustomed to at home. As these houses are quite similar all over the islands, the illustration presented will give a fair idea of their type and appearance—though not invariably has the occupant the love of flowers and the dilligence to beautify the surroundings.

HOMES OF SUGAR-PLANTATION LABORERS WITH FLOWER-GARDENS.

The difference in relationship between the Japanese and the Chinese towards Hawaii is perhaps shown in no way more clearly than by their respective classing on the tax-book. Here we find the Chinese are taxed in real estate to the amount of $1,146,301, the Japanese to the amount of $56,000; on personal property, corporations, mercantile houses, etc., the Chinese are taxed on $2,205,339, the Japanese $177,307. In Honolulu district alone there are 281 Chinese houses of business, taxed on $446,950, and 55 of Japanese, taxed on $77,700. The Portuguese, by-the-way, are represented in this district by 18 establishments, taxed on a value of $21,200. The personal property of the Hawaiians and half-castes is taxed at $1,144,104, or about half the value placed on the property of the Chinese. "Other nationalities," which include Portuguese and the others, small numbers of various foreigners, are taxed on $221,116 personal property, or but very little more than the Japanese. In real estate the Hawaiians and half-castes own $6,958,597, which is just half the combined real-estate holdings of the American, British, and German interests.

There is abundant cause for criticising the labor-contract system of the Hawaiian Islands; not, however, that it savored of "slavery"; not that it violated the canons of free labor, or even permitted injustice or cruelty to be visited upon the laborers; not that it failed in any particular to uphold the workman's individual rights. But rather because it surrendered the labor of the islands to the cheap—practically coolie—labor of Asia, and thereby retarded by about twenty-five years at least the settlement upon the islands of a desirable class. It will require tireless energy, highest intelligence and management, and a considerable amount of money now to supplant Asiatic with white labor. And yet until that end is accomplished Hawaii will remain undeveloped, much less attain its agricultural possibilities; for no competition is possible between Eastern and Western men in the same field and operating on a common basis. There must be substitution of one by the other.

That the Eastern man gained the ascendency in Hawaii was due to the paucity of the home labor-market and to the suddenness and urgency of the demands made upon it. The local labor-market was equal to the country's industrial needs up to the signing of the reciprocity treaty. And then suddenly, with the great boom making in sugar-plantations, there was imperative demand for laborers—thousands of them—which the islands could not supply and America would not send.

No criticism can justly be made on the introduction of Asiatic labor in the early eighties; there was no other recourse. Effort had been made, money spent, to enlist European labor in sufficient quantities, and without success. The sugar industry was developing and demanded labor, and the Hawaiian planters did what every business man put in the same position would—they got what they could and made the most of it. It is difficult to see what else they could have done in those first days of Hawaii's third commercial era.

The existing labor situation is to be attributed largely to the fact that Hawaii, since 1876, has been overwhelmingly dependent for its commercial existence upon sugar. It is impossible, of course, that the success of an industry which has been the source of the prosperity of all classes in the country, which has been so closely identified with the development of the country, should not be studied diligently and indulgently. Sugar, it must be remembered, has been the very commercial backbone of Hawaii during these twenty-five years of its greatest prosperity.

For the last five years, however, the labor question has been in the hands of the planters, and, I confess, as I rode about the islands it seemed to me they have fallen a long way short of what might have been accomplished in the way of leavening the Asiatic horde. We can understand the needs of the first dozen years of the sugar industry, and find no fault for the apparent indifference to flooding the country with a class of coolie labor that could never become a part of its permanent prosperity. But for ten years now Hawaiian planters have been amply able to turn from their work long enough to consider the welfare of their country; for just so long at least have they been facing the inevitable and done practically nothing, save to continue getting in cheap Asiatic labor. We are bound to conclude that greed is the responsible quality for this exhibition.

Hawaii is looking the labor question straight in the face these days; the preponderance of the Japanese and their well-developed tendency to strike and riot, the restriction of Chinese immigration through annexation to the United States, the neglect of industries that should flourish, are suggesting the absolute need to Hawaii's more general prosperity of inducing white labor to enter the country. Many think the budding coffee industry will supply the desired want, and no doubt to an extent it will; but what Hawaii needs is white labor to replace, in large measure, its present coolie labor.

Whence is this labor to come, and what effect will it have on the profits of the sugar industry? These are the questions now before the Honolulu Chamber of Commerce and the Planters' Association, and which they can answer quickly and satisfactorily if the majority are inclined to consider the prosperity of Hawaii above their own swollen dividends.

There is division of attitude—I cannot believe there is division of opinion—among Hawaiian planters on the labor question. Some are frankly in favor of inducing white-labor immigration, and are indefatigably working to that end; others, and I am bound to say the larger number, profess to see the end of Hawaii's prosperity in the abandonment of coolie labor. They cling to the fallacy that the cheaper the labor the less the cost of production, ignoring entirely the contrary lesson emphasized by their own experience; for to what but intelligent, higher-class, better paid work, the study of irrigation, of fertilizers, of machinery, is due the enormous increase of sugar per acre on the Hawaiian plantations?

Manufacturers, planters, traders, the world over, have invariably used that cheap-labor argument in opposing employment of a better class of labor to divert attention from their real motive—disinclination to yield any of their profit. The theory that Hawaiian sugar estates cannot be profitably worked except by coolie labor—as this very low class Asiatic labor must be called—rests wholly on greed. Undoubtedly coolie labor is necessary to the making of dividends that run from thirty to sixty per cent.; but if Hawaii is to increase its population, to develop its other industries—as it must to attain permanent prosperity—a reduction in those sugar dividends is needed. It will be well for Hawaii if more people enjoy the very handsome returns from the sugar industry.

The largest, and therefore the most experienced, employers of labor in the world are united in testifying that the cost of any product is more a question of brain than of cheap labor. The history of America's commerce tends to prove that, as a rule, high wages indicate a low cost of production. How else may be explained the enormous exportation of American high-priced-labor goods to low-priced-labor countries? How else may be explained the successful competition of the California farmer with India, where the cheapest of cheap labor abounds? Judge Frear, one of Hawaii's stoutest and ablest advocates of white labor, puts the question pointedly to the Hawaiian planters by asking them to "explain the fact that the California farmer pays high wages, high prices for his implements, the expense of transportation by rail to San Francisco, and by seas fifteen thousand miles around Cape Horn to England, the expense of interest, and insurance during this long voyage, and is still able to sell his wheat in the same market and at the same price as the English farmer, who has paid much lower wages, has not had similar expenses of transportation, interest, and insurance, and has obtained his implements at lower prices?"

It is not that white or high-priced labor is prejudiced by Asiatic or cheap labor, in so far as white laborers are paid more; it is not merely because they are white men, or because they want more, or because it costs them more to live, or because, on occasions, there must be recompense for unfamiliar or somewhat trying climatic conditions; but it is because white or high (comparatively) priced labor is more capable, has better opportunity, and can earn more. It is cheap in the sense that Andrew Carnegie used the word in one of his recent addresses, when he referred to some of his men as "cheap at $10 per day."

Coolie labor may enable Hawaiian planters to secure for a couple of years longer the extraordinary profits they have realized for several years past, but it will not advance the industry itself, and it will not build up the country. 'Twas not coolie labor that enabled the Hawaiian planters to weather the storm following fast upon the McKinley bill—but the best products of brain, skilfully, diligently employed.

There is literally nothing to support the frequently uttered statement that Hawaiian climate is unsuited to white labor; on the contrary, there is much evidence to confute it. The Portuguese bred in the latitudes of northern California and southern New York have been employed in Hawaii for years, have multiplied and prospered; on Kauai one plantation is manned almost exclusively by Austrians, who are healthful and contented; on Maui, employed in the cane-fields are a number of Poles, whose reputation for hard, steady work suffers no change in Hawaiian climate; elsewhere in the islands are some 400 Galicians, and all thrive under the new climatic conditions.

White man and negro work in the fields of Florida, Alabama, and Texas, and the white man does more work, gets more pay, and is less sickly. It is surprising how malignment of Hawaiian climate with regard to its effect on white labor could so long have been received without question. The most trying time of the Hawaiian year is when the south wind blows; and even then it is not so hot as it is in the wheat-fields of California or in the potato-fields of New Jersey, not to mention Missouri and Indiana. At all other times of the year Hawaii's fields of labor are delightful, compared with those of the Middle West or the extreme East.

It is not the climate that is ailing in Hawaii; it is those planters who are disinclined to yield any of their immediate profits by offering a wage high enough to attract white-labor immigration. Nor is white labor to be had merely for the asking. All the Western world is asking for laborers. And the United States, instead of having a surplus, is taking them from the Old World at the rate of very nearly three hundred thousand a year! With its many million acres of untilled lands and its wage the highest in the market, the United States is not likely in many years to become naturally an exporter of labor; nor may Hawaii expect to attract the white labor necessary to its upbuilding, unless it offers at least as much as the laborer can get on the mainland. Many reasons may be alleged for shifting labor, but the real reason invariably is search for a larger wage.

While it may not be that Hawaii can attract white labor from America, there remains all of Europe, the world's recruiting-field, and the same energy (with less capital) that characterized the first work of Honolulu's Bureau of Immigration will bring over white labor now just as surely as it brought over the Portuguese in 1878. Immigration from the United States will not come, probably, for several years—not until the odium of coolie labor has been removed; meantime inducements must be offered if white labor from any quarter is to be attracted in appreciable numbers.

One of the few worthy efforts now making in this direction is that by James B. Castle on the co-operative plan. Aside from being a most interesting experiment, it is to be commended for the appreciation it conveys of Hawaii's needs. Mr. Castle's plan includes the payment to each white laborer of $18 a month in addition to furnishing him with house, fuel, a cow, and the exclusive use of ten acres of ground, which the plantation will break up, supply water for irrigation, transportation for the crop, and buy the cane on the field at the current market-price. As an acre (on the Ewa plantation, where this co-operative scheme is being tried) will raise, on the average, about sixty tons of cane, and as it takes about seven tons of cane to yield one ton of sugar, at the price current the white laborer would realize about $400 from his ten acres, in addition to his monthly wage, which would bring his total annual income up to $600. Fifty dollars a month, with house rent, fuel, and cow in addition, is infinitely better wages than the average farm hand is now getting in the United States, not to mention Canada or any part of Europe. There is no surer panacea for strikes than a co-operative plan, for under such an arrangement the striking laborer injures himself as seriously as his employer. Last autumn Mr. Castle sent his manager on a recruiting trip to California, and was successful in engaging a number of families that will begin work in Hawaii this spring on this basis.

That this plan can be made a success I have no doubt whatever; that it will be an immediate success I very much question. With the Hawaiian cane-fields monopolized by coolie labor, it will, I think, be some years before the co-operative plan will realize its possibilities—several years, indeed, before any plan short of immigration by the several thousands at a time, could introduce white labor in sufficient numbers to make an impression on industrial Hawaii. It is not that the co-operative plan is lacking in any essential; it is that the Eastern and the Western man cannot be operated on the same basis simultaneously in the same field of endeavor. Whether, in fact, it is or is not a degradation of labor, at least it is thus viewed by white men, and as long as the Japanese and Chinese so vastly outnumber all other labor on the sugar-plantations, the result of any scheme introducing a mere handful of white men to labor alongside of the Celestials must be considered as extremely uncertain. Annexation has, of course, checked the flood of Oriental labor Hawaiiwards, but with some fifty-odd thousand already in residence, there would appear to be enough to prolong the solution of the labor problem.

Whatever may be the action of the Hawaiian planters, there can be no two opinions as to the action needful to Hawaii's future prosperity. White labor is necessary to the further development of the islands, and it must be acquired not in occasional dozens that scarcely are to be discovered in the great mass of coolies, but as it was in the wheat-fields of California and of the middle Northwest, in the potato-diggings of New Jersey and the hop-fields of New York. Individual co-operative plans will undoubtedly accomplish something to this end, but what is more necessary is association by the planters, and a proposition made to white labor definite enough to be understood, and generous enough to attract in such numbers as may speedily leaven the Japanese-Chinese elements.

When the abolition of slavery was proposed, Southerners viewed it as the forerunner of complete ruin. Slavery was abolished, and to-day the South, with free labor and immigration, is richer and more prosperous than ever it was under the old system. A word to the wise is sufficient.

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PAID-UP CAPITAL, $1,000,000.

ASSETS.	
Real Estate,	$2,009,684.43
Cash on hand and in Bank,	1,510,090.17
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate,	5,785,923.99
Interest accrued but not due,	261,279.62
Loans on collateral security,	1,182,327.64
Loans on this Company's Policies,	1,175,489.24
Deferred Life Premiums	324,697.95
Prems. due and unreported on Life Policies,	251,120.97
United States Bonds,	14,000.00
State, county, and municipal bonds,	3,614,032.58
Railroad stocks and bonds,	6,658,373.37
Bank stocks,	1,066,122.50
Other stocks and bonds,	1,462,300.00
Total Assets,	$25,315,442.46
LIABILITIES.	
Reserve, 4 per cent., Life Department,	$18,007,596.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Dep't,	1,399,372.80
Present value Instalment Life Policies,	507,044.00
Reserve for Claims resisted for Employers,	430,101.55
Losses in process of adjustment,	220,243.33
Life Premiums paid in advance,	35,267.68
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc.,	110,000.00
Special Reserve, Liability Department,	100,000.00
Reserve for anticipated change in rate of interest,	400,000.00
Total Liabilities,	$21,209,625.36
Excess Security to Policy-holders,	$4,105,817.10
Surplus to Stockholders,	$3,105,817.10

STATISTICS TO DATE.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.	
Life Insurance in force,	$97,352,821.00
New Life Insurance written in 1898,	16,087,551.00
Insurance on instalment plan at commuted value.	
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	$ 1,382,008.95
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	14,532,359.52
ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.	
Number Accident Claims paid in 1898,	16,260
Whole number Accident Claims paid,	324,250
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	$ 1,254,500.81
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	22,464,596.75
Totals.	
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	$ 2,636,509.76
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	36,996,956.27

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